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June, 1978
Vol. 104, No. 2
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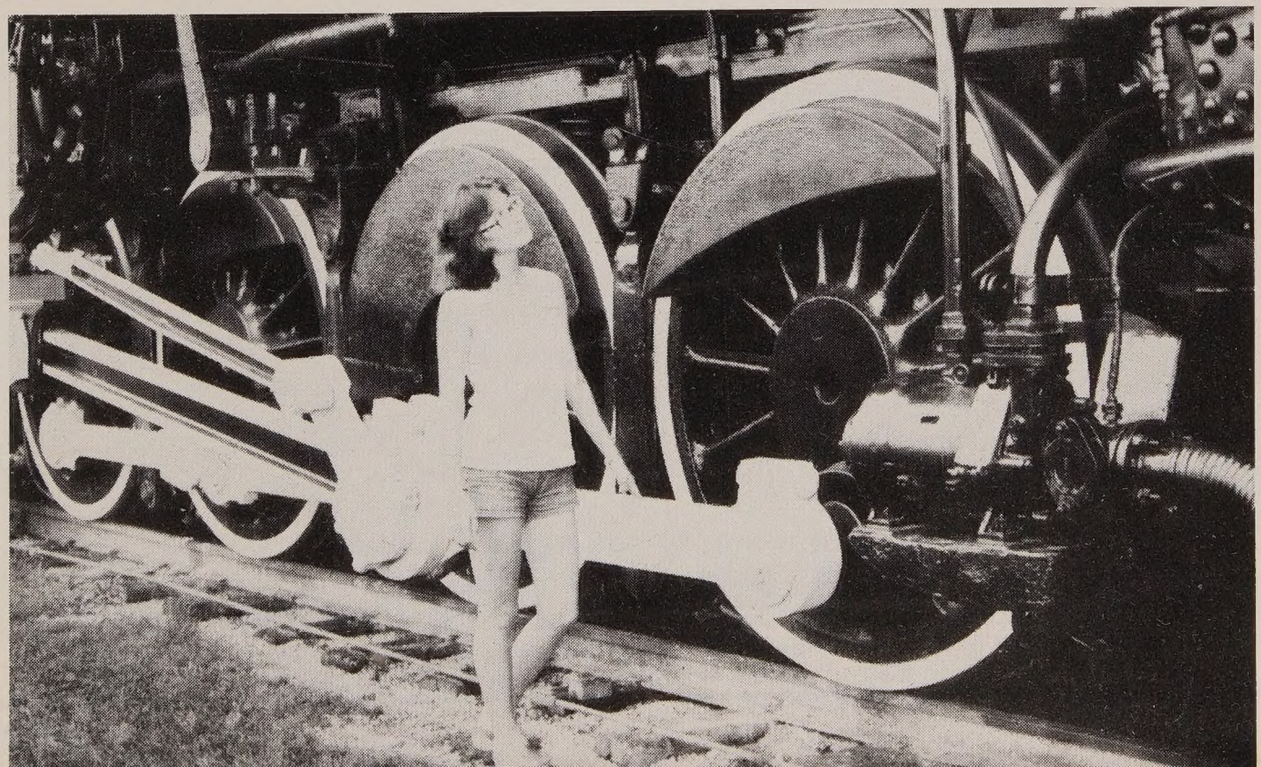
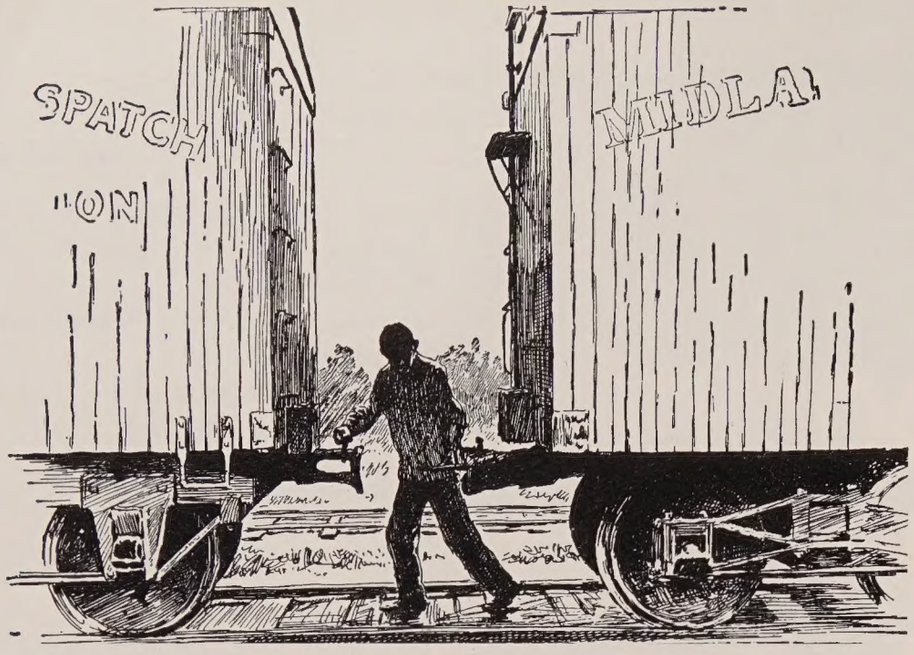
Nate Clark, Jr., 3942 Wynwood Dr., Sharpsville, Pa. 16150

Volunteer workers recently renovated and repainted ex-Nickel Plate Berkshire No. 755 at Conneaut (Ohio) Railway Museum at ex-NYC depot Conneaut. Railfan Marsha Plum admires excellent job.





THE BOOMER

by Douglas W. Ward

I've heard the sagebrush whisperin',
When the sun sank in the west;
I've seen the purple shadows restin'
On the desert's quiet breast.

I've rested at night on wooded shores,
In a campfire's mellow glow,
While loons were callin' across the lake
And crickets were chirpin' low.

I've seen the peaceful countryside
From the top of a speedin' train,
With the rails and wheels a-hummin' to me
A wanderin' heart's refrain.

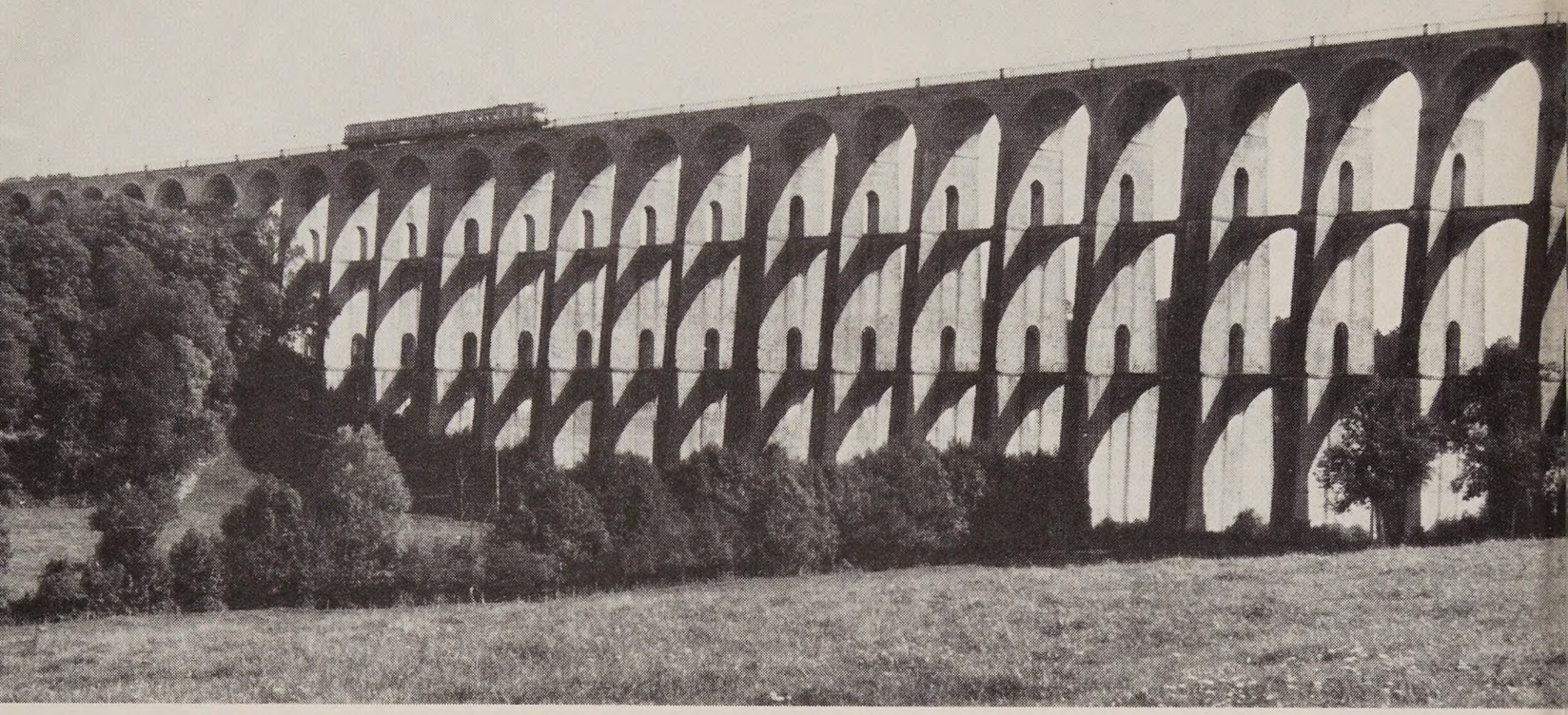
I've seen the semaphores a-blinkin'
Along the shinin' tracks
And the silver lamplight streamin'
From lonely little shacks.

So I must pull the pins, lads,
I'm movin' down the line,
For memory has sent its callboy
To waken this soul of mine.

Beth Ziel, administrator of the Save Locomotive 39 Fund, with former Long Island Ten-wheeler No. 39 at Stony Brook, Long Island, on May 15, 1974. This worthy project needs more publicity.

Ron Ziel, Box 433, Montauk Highway, Bridgehampton, N.Y. 11932

MAIL CAR where editors and readers meet



Eastbound SNCF train crossing Chaumont viaduct at Chaumont, France, on August 21, 1968.
Photograph by the late Elmer Treloar

FRONT COVER shows No. 4501, ex-Southern, now owned by Tennessee Valley Railroad Museum, wheeling a fantrip, photographed by *Interesting Railfan* Fred Clark, Jr., 312 Mariva Ave., Clearwater, Fla. 33515.

Fred writes: "I was chasing the excursion northward to Valdosta, Ga., and returned to it in plenty of time to set up for a southbound shot. I placed my Yashica 2¼ on a tripod, figured the best place to square it off. When the train came, I began filming with an 8mm movie camera on telephoto. As it approached, I changed to the normal lens, rewound the camera, shot more movie. At the right instant, while still filming the movie, I squeezed the Yashica, and continued on with the movie as the 4501 passed."

Our back cover shows Maine Central freight train RY-2 en route from Rigby Yards at Portland, Maine, to St. Johnsbury, Vt., led by an Independence Class loco, the *General Peleg Wadsworth,* No. 403. The train is stopping at Crawford Notch, N.H., depot for a trainman to sign the register book. It has just emerged from "The Gateway" after working up the grade for over an hour from Bartlett, N.H., 14½ miles south. Photo was made Aug. 5, 1977, by *Interesting Railfan* Ronald M. Johnson, 662 Highland Ave., South Portland, Maine 01106.

Views and Reviews

YOUR RAIL-GIRL pictures are good, except for those of immature teenagers in ugly, baggy clothes. Girls around industry are usually sex-oriented, so let's be sure those shown in your photos are mature enough, smart-looking, and attractive—and what's wrong with beautiful older women? A large part of your readership consists of middle-aged men. Give them a break! Also, continue to reprint those classics by E.S. Dellinger and other great fiction writers and true tales of the old days. These are, or should be, the high point of each issue.

I'm an operator who traded places with Harry Bedwell from the Coast Division to the Portland division on the Southern Pacific. I worked my longest-lasting job as 2nd telegrapher at Santa Susana, Calif., eventually retiring as agent in that station whenit closed in May 1974. What is the present address of Peter Josserand, retired Western Pacific train dispatcher, photographer, and one of your best writers?—Charles Munro, 635 Clay St., Fillmore, Calif. 93015. (*Ed. note:* Several years ago Pete crossed the Great Divide where all pony tracks point one way. We still miss him.)

"CEBU CITY GIRLS" letter in your February issue was very good. Those girls must be beautiful, judging from portraits I have of several of them.—Cecil M. Wilkinson, 14222 State St., Riverdale, Ill. 60627.

WHY DID YOU fail last January to mention the 100th anniversary of the Tarrifville, Conn., wreck of Jan. 15, 1888, on the Hartford & Connecticut Western RR., involving a trainload of passengers coming home from a night revival meeting conducted jointly by the great evangelist Dwight L. Moody and the choirmaster, soloist, and hymn-writer Ira D. Sankey, in which many people were killed?—Richard M. Hanschka, 81 Kenwood Circle, Bloomfield, Conn. 06022.

(*Note from Freeman Hubbard:* In July, 1936, we ran a feature article on that disaster. I wrote it myself under a pen-name. But since

we have a very small staff and limited space in each issue, our magazine cannot keep up with all the dramatic anniversaries in 150 years of railroading. Incidentally, when I was working on a Philadelphia newspaper staff some time ago, one of my colleagues was a grandson of Evangelist Moody.)

WHAT does *tarriers* mean in the old railsong, "Drill, ye tarriers, drill!", which dates back to the building of the transcontinental line in the late 1860s? Is *tarriers* another name for *gandy dancers*?—Guy Smith, New York City. (*Ed. note:* No. It means loafers, men who tarry or delay.)

Porters' Union Is Gone

EXIT the historic Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, a victim to changing life-styles and modes of travel. This union, with its roots in Chicago's black ghetto of the 1920s, had shrunk so much that on Feb. 28th it quietly merged with the Brotherhood of Railway and Airline Clerks after a brief meeting at Rosemond, Illinois.

Pullman car porters, long a symbol of courtesy and service saw their numbers dwindle from more than 12,000 in the 1940s to less than 1,000 in recent years. Founded Aug. 25, 1925, under the leadership of A. Phillip Randolph, later an AFL-CIO vice president and leader in the civil rights fight, the porters' union used Chicago churches and schools for many of its early national conventions.

For decades the porters presented a portrait of resignation to the only jobs generally allocated to blacks on the nation's railroads. However, in 1976 a Federal court judge ruled that for nearly 100 years Pullman porters had been unfairly locked in their jobs and denied promotions; though they often performed the work of conductors, they worked harder and were paid less. This ruling against discrimination came too late for all but roughly 2,000 porters.

Fred J. Kroll, president of BRAC, in a speech to the porters' union delegates, blamed the decline in union membership on "years of discouraging passenger service" by the railroads themselves. The vote to merge with BRAC was approved unanimously by the membership. Thanks to Dave Nelson, 817 Pauline Blvd., Ann Arbor, Mich. 48103, for this information.)

Report on Casey Jones

SOME of the best reading in the history of *Railroad Magazine* was the *Official Report of The Wreck Which Killed Casey Jones* in your March 78 issue. This report put the reader at Vaughn, Miss., when the collision occurred and separated the facts from the fiction.

But as a railroad conductor of over 40 years service and a contributor to your magazine, I take issue with Richard J. Cook's theory as to why A.W. Sullivan, general superintendent of the Illinois Central in April, 1900, decided that Casey was the sole cause of the accident.

Was No. 1 properly flagged? Rule 99 says: "When a train stops under circumstances that it may be overtaken by a following train, a flagman must go back a sufficient distance with flagging signals to insure full protection of his train. He places one torpedo on the rail (one torpedo in 1900 meant stop), then takes a position at a distance from it in the direction of the expected train to be flagged. The flagman cannot return to his train unless he is recalled and then only if safety first permits it."

When conductor E. Hoke instructed flagman J.M. Newberry to flag No. 25 and No. 1 and to inform them to saw by No. 83 and first 72 at Vaughn, Newberry went immediately to a point some 3,000 feet north of his caboose. There he placed one torpedo on the rail and walked another 500 to 800 feet, where he stationed himself with flagging signals and an unobstructed view of the 1½-mile tangent track. From this position the engineer of No. 25, when flagged by Newberry was short-flagging. This indicates Newberry was a sufficient distance behind his train to stop a passenger train running at maximum timetable speed. Nor did the report say Newberry rode No. 25 to Vaughn. So we assume he was still at his post on 25 departure.

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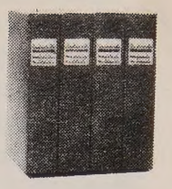

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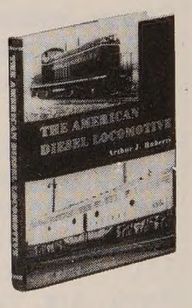
The American Diesel Locomotive

by Arthur J. Roberts



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Neither was any report made by the crew of No. 2 that the flagman off No. 83 was absent from his post when they passed that location where 25 was flagged.

It is not likely that Newberry deserted his post after No. 2 departed, since he knew that No. 1 was due and he had specific orders to flag No. 1. Also, if Newberry had intended to desert his post, he might have ridden No. 25, rather than walking the three-quarters or so of a mile back to his caboose.

The records shows that Newberry flagged No. 25. As the crew of No. 2 did not report him missing from his post, it is good evidence that he was still there when No. 1 passed the mileboard for Vaughn, some 400 feet north from him.

Why did Casey Jones keep on running 75 mph after exploding the one torpedo? Why didn't he make a brake application until fireman Webb crossed from the right hand side of the cab to say he saw a train ahead? Maybe the message to "saw trains by" at Vaughn led Casey to believe that the flagman wanted him to stop at the south switch at Vaughn, and he figured he had enough time to get his train under control before reaching the point where first 72 had the south switch fouled.

The only conclusion I can come to after studying this report is that Casey Jones did not keep a sharp lookout and was exceeding the speed limit at the time Newberry flagged him and that Jones tried to second-guess Newberry after being flagged by him, and lost his life in the attempt.—William T. Church (MoPac conductor), 512 55th Terrace Dr., North Little Rock, Ark. 72118.

Ex-Southern's 4501 framed through boxcar door at Mt. Vernon, Ill. in '77.

Wayne Bridges, RR1, Box 282A, Delavan, Ill. 61734

Interesting Railfans

WE HAD a surprise visit the other day from No. 33, youngest *Interesting Railfan* in our long series: Adolf Gutohrlein, now a member of the Blackfeet Indian tribe and known as Hungry Wolf. He was 18 when we ran his life-story, is now 34. Adolf earns a livelihood by writing, publishing, and selling Indian lore books, some written in collaboration with his squaw, Beverly Hungry Wolf. An illustrated free catalog of these moderate-priced little volumes, including a photo of Adolf's family and an account of his background, may be had by writing to Good Medicine Books, Box 844, Invermere, B.C., Canada.

ANOTHER *Interesting Railfan,* Louis Hertz, 4 Calvin Rd., Scarsdale, N.Y. 10583, probably the top authority on toy trains, still has a copy of the brochure for the first fantrip he went on—an excursion to the American Locomotive Works at Schenectady, N.Y., in 1937. This was one of several trips sponsored wholly or in part by our magazine in the steam age. Maybe you didn't know we used to sponsor such events. Incidentally, the first publicity Louis ever had was a personality sketch of him as a model-oriented teenager which Freeman Hubbard wrote many years ago for *The American Boy,* a now-extinct monthly magazine.

ERNIE TOWLER, noted artist and *Interesting Railfan,* teaming up with a friend, has just opened an art gallery store to display his watercolors, oils, pencil renderings, and inkings. It is Dunn's Galleries, Dana Point Marina, 25022 Del Prado, Dana Point, Calif. Ernie has just done a great painting of the steam-powered *Overland Limited* at Truckee, Calif., for a *Railroad Magazine* cover.

I ENJOYED very much your write-up of Ernie Towler in Feb. '78. His account of riding the SP *Coast Daylight* from L.A. to San Francisco and returning on the *San Joaquin Daylight* brought up happy memories of my riding those trains. A helper was put out of San Luis Obispo over the mountains; and on the return trip through San Joaquin Valley *Daylight* was exceptionally long and heavy—21 cars with 798 passengers!

Your reference to Ernie's wife being from Orange, Calif., recalls that my parents and I came to Orange in 1922 from Saskatchewan. For several years I was with the Santiago Orange Growers Ass'n there. One afternoon I saw President F.D. Roosevelt seated in the observation car en route to San Diego. A pilot engine preceded his special train.—Karl L. Parmenter, 2261 Pattigan Ave., La Verne, Calif. 91750.

ANOTHER *Interesting Railfan* artist, Archy F. McDonnell,died of heart disease last March 4th in Concord, N.H., where he had spent most of his life. A native of Franklin, N.H., he was employed as an engineering consultant by

the University of New Hampshire. For more than two decades Archie painted scenes of New England's vanished rail era, often stations torn down or abandoned long ago. His railscapes were widely displayed, not only in our magazine but also in places ranging from Concord's public library, schools, businesses, and clubs to New York City's Museum of Contemporary Art and a railroad museum in Dayton Beach, Fla. Many have been made into prints. One, depicting two steam trains leaving the Concord depot, is sold as a jigsaw puzzle.

"In many cases," says his brother Kenneth, "his paintings are the only memories left of those old stations."

The day before he died, Archy finished a commissioned painting of a train passing through the covered bridge, now boarded up, at Contoocook, N.H. His lifelong interest in railroads stemmed from his father, for forty years a Boston & Maine brakeman. Rail memorabilia crammed the basement studio in his home: two elaborate model train cities, locomotives he made from cardboard, mailing tubes, conductor's brass lantern, blueprints, and photographs. The locomotives have been given to the Concord library. One of his largest collections is at Village Press in Concord: three original paintings and 31 prints.

(*Note from Freeman Hubbard:* Archie McDonnell's death at 66 was much too soon. Doctors tell me that heart disease is avoidable. I believe it, too. For 30 years I have been reading *Prevention,* a magazine devoted largely to the prevention of disease, and following its teachings, and keeping in good health as a result. *Prevention* sells for 75 cents a copy, $7.85 a year ($8.85 for Canadians), is published at 33 E. Minor St., Emmaus, Pa. 18049, and has over 2,000,000 circulation. This information is printed as a service to our readers.)

AN INTERESTING RAILFAN, Nicholas Morant, CP Rail special photographer and writer, had a picture and story in *CP Rail News* about a tough female cat named Rags that gives even bears a hard time. Rags is black, with four white paws and a white bib. About two years ago she joined the Rogers Camp (B.C.), where 9 of 10 pusher diesels are maintained, the resident crews living in portable homes with restaurant facilities provided. These crews assist heavy freights up the steep grade leading to Connaught Tunnel. Today, Rags's progeny populate that and other camps along the line and dispatch rodents.

Rags, nicknamed "Mommy" because she is so prolific, gets very much annoyed when bears nose around the camp, especially while she is carrying a new breed of kittens. Eye witnesses report that she "bristles out her fur to twice its normal size. She snarls and then takes a running leap upon the back of a bear, just forward of his shoulders, and rodeo-rides him, literally, off the property and back into the forest."

New Look on Cajon Pass

ABOUT A MILE and three quarters of Cajon Pass trackage in Southern California has a new look. This $1.6 million face-lift incorporates the latest in railroad fixed-plant improvements. Broadening the last pair of 10-degree curves on the SP Coast Lines (save for a pair in San Bernardino yard), new continuous welded rail sections measuring nearly a quarter-mile each, were laid. A new, prestressed concrete bridge spanning 180 feet was installed near the point where the north and south tracks part at Cajon siding.

The north mainline, with its 2.2 percent grade to Cajon Summit, was the target of the relocation program. It is likely that the broadening of these two curves will reduce right-of-way and equipment maintenance. Accord-

BIGGER AND BETTER!

Beginning next month (July), RAILROAD MAGAZINE will have more pages, in glowing color. Also, all subscribers' copies will be mailed in wrappers.

For these bonuses, price per copy goes up to $1.25, subscription $14 a year, $25 two years. Additional postage in Canada, $2 a year; Pan-American $3 a year, all other foreign countries $5 a year.

BUT

until July issue comes out, you can still subscribe or renew at the old rate: U.S., $10 a year, $18 two years. Additional postage elsewhere, same as in second paragraph. Write, enclosing remittance, to RAILROAD MAGAZINE Subscription Department, Portland Place, Boulder, Colo. 80302.

ing to Santa Fe estimates, nearly $400,000 per year will be saved because of this new section. With fuel and time savings included, the project could pay for itself in four years.

The highly preferred six-degree curves also insures higher speeds for freight trains. Eastbound trains (uphill) can negotiate the curves better, while westbounds (downhill) have better track for braking purposes. Although trains do run in both directions on both tracks of the double-tracked mainline through Cajon, the north track was primarily designed for eastbound (uphill) traffic because of its milder grade. The steeper south track incorporates a 3 percent grade from the summit to Cajon siding.

When the new line was placed into service late last year, 3,507 ties had been laid, along with 7,014 tie plates, 7,014 rail anchors, 41,192 spikes, and 12,064 feet of rail. About 50 carloads of ballast completed the job.

The Personality Parade

NEW ZEALAND has two female railroad firsts, both employed in Wellington: Odette Jones, N.Z. Railways train controller, and Mrs. Elizabeth Parrant, cable-car operator (gripperson) on the city's transit city.—William T. Morgan, photographer and author, P.O. Box 6469, Oxnard, Calif. 93031.

COMPASSIONATELY, we announce that Mrs. Reva May Moore, age 26, of Peoria, Illinois, while employed as a Santa Fe brakeman, lost both legs in a train accident at Merton, Illinois, on March 7th. We have not yet learned the cause of the accident. The lady, young and good-looking, began working for ATSF on Nov. 10, 1975, as one of the system's first female brakemen. She had recently been on maternity leave, returning to work in mid-February after giving birth to a son. Her father, James Forsythe, is a Santa Fe brakeman.

PETER VITO of Kenmore, N.Y., has retired after 42 yeas as locomotive engineer, most recently on Conrail. He was the last of five railroading brothers, all in the Buffalo, N.Y., area. The other four—Casper, Nick, Angelo, and Anthony—worked for the old Delaware, Lackawanna & Western. Their father, Jack Vito, also was a railroader. His career ended tragically when a train hit and killed him in 1924.

DEATH, who has a pass-key to every door, called on Charles E. Bertrand, age 62, president and chief executive officer of the Delaware & Hudson, on Jan. 10th at his home in Huntingdon Valley, Pa. Born in Pine Bluff, Ark., Bertrand started his rail career as a switchman on the Alton, a former Baltimore & Ohio subsidary, and in 1961 rose to B&O vice president in charge of operations and maintenance. From 1964 until 1970 he headed the Reading Co. Then he joined Amtrak as vice president and general manager. Last November he became top man on the D&H. Incidentally, he attained all these official positions without having a college degree. The D&H's financial difficulties must have caused a strain that contributed, at least indirectly, to his demise.

DIESELS had largely replaced steam on the rosters of American railroads by the mid-1950s. And with that, states W. Roscoe Woodrick of Vicksburg, Miss., went a considerable portion of the pride in ingenuity involved with the locomotive engineer's craft.

Woodrick recently ended 37 years of engine service with the Illinois Central Gulf. He told the *Locomotive Engineer* (newspaper) that in the era of steam an engineer's skills not only embraced his proficiency at the controls, but also his ability to perform makeshift repairs while en route, at a moment's notice. The latter talent, he related on climbing down from his final assignment, was a virtue laid to rest with steam.

"It was a disgrace if a man couldn't fix his rig (train) and get into the station (on his own)," said Woodrick. "Nowadays with the diesels, if you get stuck, you have to call an electrician or a mechanic."

He learned much about running trains at an early age from his father, "Smokey" Woodrick, who earned his livelihood at the throttle for 52 years—44 of those years on the old Illinois Central and the present ICG.

Refrigerator Line Splitup

UNION PACIFIC and Southern Pacific announce the splitup of assets and operations of the famous Pacific Fruit Express Co., their co-owned refrigerator-car line, effective April first. Both roads had been working out the details of this since last year. Each railroad is now operating its own refrigerator-car line.

UP's new subsidiary is called Union Pacific Fruit Express. It offers "reefer" services along UP lines in southern California, Nevada, Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Utah, Wyoming, Nebraska, Colorado, and Kansas. The Southern Pacific has retained the name Pacific Fruit Express for its own subsidiary, with major operations in California, Arizona, Oregon, and Texas.

The two roads jointly formed Pacific Fruit Express Co. in 1906, the year *Railroad Magazine* began publication, so as to provide refrigerator-car services in the territory served by both railroads. PFE grew to become the nation's largest refrigerator-car line and a major factor in the growth and development of western agriculture. The railroads have now split up the 71-year-old PFE to give each road better control of refrigeration along its line and to improve coordination with train operations and traffic solicitation.

Our Monthly Newscast

MILWAUKEE ROAD is still running freight between Chicago and Louisville, Ky., despite a Milwaukee newspaper report that it wasn't. The road temporarily rerouted some shipments to ease the burden on its locomotive fleet, but has no intention of shutting down the direct route.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL GULF recently moved a generator stator weighing 838,850 pounds in a special train from New Orleans via Jackson, Vicksburg, and Port Gibson. The stator, valued at

nearly $9 million, went to the Mississippi Power & Light Co. at Grand Gulf, Mississippi.

OPPOSITION to the elimination of wayside signals in the Northeast Corridor has been reaffirmed by the United Transportation Union. Safety takes precedence over cost-cutting, said National Legislative Director Jim Snyder, in a letter to Federal Railroad Administrator John M. Sullivan.

Elimination of the wayside signals would cause unsafe conditions because not all locomotives in the corridor would be equipped with in-cab signals in operating condition, Snyder wrote. Also, it would be impossible to use locomotives not equipped with in-cab signals in the corridor during emergency situations.

WESTERN PACIFIC INDUSTRIES, which owns Western Pacific Railroad, has announced it will sell the railroad to a new company being formed by operating executives of the carrier for about $14 million plus WP's $103 million debt. This deal is similar to sale of the Chicago & North Western a decade ago to a group of its executives and employes.

FOUR MILES of the abandoned Wellsville, Addison & Galeton Railroad right-of-way will be bought from the New York State Department of Transportation by the Allegany County Board of Supervisors for recreational use. The stretch runs from the Weidrich Bridge near Wellsville south to the Pennsylvania border. It is expected to be used as a bike hike-trail.

NEED LAND for an industrial plant? Norfolk & Western may be able to help you. NW has nearly 12,000 acres of land that could be used for manufacturing plants and distribution facilities in its 14-state service area. Many of the 4,500 communities served by NW also have available acreage along the right-of-way. Some 60 percent of NW revenues come from merchandise traffic. Coal accounts for about 40 percent.

NORTH AMERICAN CAR CORP. has taken over the assets and facilities of Southwest Railway Equipment Corp. at Roscoe, Texas. The NMC is the railcar division of Tiger International, Los Angeles. Its Roscoe plant concentrates on the repair of wrecked covered hopper cars, FRA inspections, and general maintenance of rolling stock.

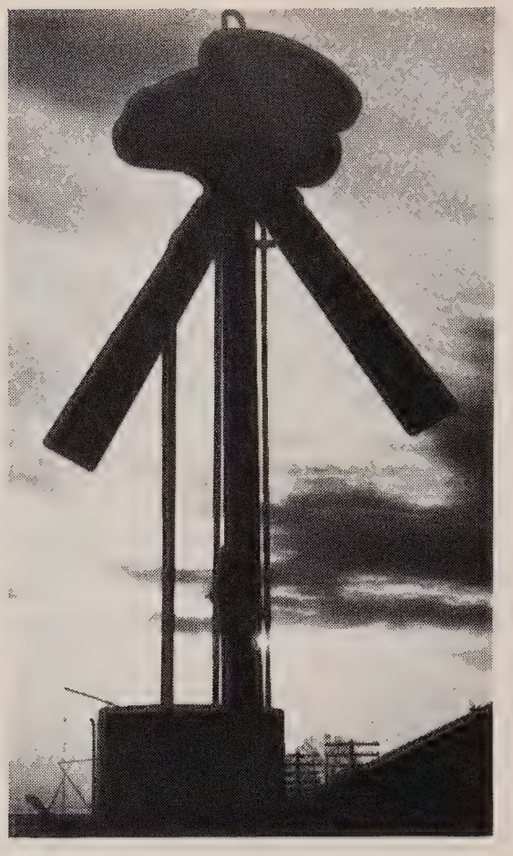
EQUIPMENT financing of $5.5 million has enabled Grand Trunk Western to buy sixty-foot box cars, seven air-slide cars, and three cabooses. A newcomer in the nation's money markets, GTW Corp. is the parent company of GTW Railroad, Central Vermont Ry., and the Duluth, Winnipeg & Pacific. Previously, GTW's financing was guaranteed by Canadian National, but strength of the Grand Trunk Corp. now lets it provide guarantees.

"RAIL BLAZER" is the name chosen for the new co-ordinated train service of the Detroit, Toledo & Ironton between Detroit and Cincinnati. The name was picked from 1675 entries submitted by the railroad's employes. William A. Salter, contest winner, was given a check for $1,000. He works at the company's freight yard in Flat Rock, Michigan. Recently, DT&I cut two hours from its old schedule between the two big cities by operating over a new route via Maitland, Ohio.

SOME 7,500 large computer systems are in use around the world, and about four percent of them belong to U.S. railroads. The computer has become an integral part of the railroad business. Rail management needs it for dfficient operations. Increased productivity from computerization may mean the difference between rail success and failure in the future.

Illinois Central Gulf, with a new Train Reporting System (TRS), will be able to prove how important computers have become. ICG's installation has been underway since January, and by now the officials expect to have TRS operating for 125 dispatch freight, Amtrak, and coal and grain scheduled trains.

ORIENT EXPRESS in Japan? That's where the historic train



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which carried spies from Paris to Istanbul is now. It is being made into a hotel at the edge of Lake Biwa.

Blame It on Bureaucracy

THE RECALL of as many as 20,000 railroad cars for wheel inspections after recent fatal train derailments has been recommended by the staff of the National Transportation Safety Board.

Bureaucracy, with its ineffective enforcement policies, and the woeful financial condition of many railroad companies, is jeopardizing railroad safety, according to the Office of Technology, a branch of Congress. Already, there are enough laws to regulate safety, Russell W. Peterson, director of the office, said in Congressional testimony. However, the Federal Railroad Administration and the Occupational Safety and Health Administration have not sorted out their enforcement responsibilities and policies, he charged.

An adequate safety program has been hampered, he said, by the following problems: (1) Failure of safety officials to use accident data to trace the causes of specific problems and set their priorities for combating them. (2) Neglect of "incentive programs" as a way to get railroads to conform to safety rules, choosing instead penalties that are not effective. (3) Jurisdictional conflicts between the railroad agency and the safety agency and failure to agree on who shall be responsible for the safety and health of railroad employes.

The lack of clear and thoughtfully consistent safety policy has led to some pointless and ineffective efforts to increase safety, Mr. Peterson told the House Subcommittee on Transportation and Commerce. For instance, he said, there is evidence that financially weak and near-bankrupt roads have been dealt with more leniently by rail inspectors when the rail beds of such railroads are likely in the worst shape.

Also, he added, "the time between occurrence of a violation and enforcement of a penalty averages approximately 16 months with many taking two years or more."

A Brazilian Railfan

I LIVE in Brazil and photograph rail activities in my home country. I also read *Railroad Magazine* and speak and write the English language. Brazil has much U.S. built railway equipment. Naturally, I am especially interested in the railways of my own state. Sao Paulo, which formerly had seven trunk railways, later merged into two major systems. These two are the Ferrovia Paulista S/A (state-owned) and the Rede Ferroviara Federal S/A (owned by the Federal Government). The second one I mentioned, RFFSA, is Brazil's greatest railway. The other one, FEPASA, is my country's only state-owned railway.

Sao Paulo is served by meter- and broad-gage lines. Its capital is reached by two broad-gage (1600mm) lines of RFFSA and one meter-gage line of FEPASA. The former Companhia Paulista also serves the capital, running on the broad-gage tracks of RFFSA. It was merged in the FEPASA group.

FEPASA operates a heavily electrified system along the broad-gage lines of the former Cia. Paulista, with some huge locomotives such as five "little Joes," built in 1948. Other typical American-style electrics include Baldwin-Westinghouse boxcabs, GE/Alco center-cabs, and the sleek GE 2-C+C-2, similar to the Milwaukee's former EP4.

As for diesels, FEPASA has a fleet of Alco RSC-3s, EMD GP-18s and GP-9s, the G12, and some recently delivered GE UspCs, both for meter and broad gage. The meter-gage system has 1-C+C-1 Westinghouse electrics, B-B boxcabs built by GE do Brasil, and a huge fleet of diesels such as EMD G12, GL8, GE U12B, U20C, GE C+C with Cooper Bessemer engines, as well as the recently retired Baldwin AS616.

Until a few years ago, FEPASA still had two of the former three Alco PA2 units, purchased in 1953 by Cia, Paulista. The last engine, No. 7601, was retired last year and is stored in operating condition. Some very old and rare electrics are now being retired. Many vintage iron horses are still on the roster. Brazil's steam operations are reduced to four isolated systems:

(1) RFFSA inclines in the Serra do Mar, operating with twenty 0-4-0 oilburners and five steamers of 1000 hp each. The incline serves the former Santos a Jundiai line of Sao Paulo.

(2) Perus-Pirapora Ry., also in Sao Paulo, is a short narrow-gage mineral-carrier with a fleet of little oilburners, Perus, Pirapora is a true steam museum, with rarities like a diamond-stacked Baldwin, built in 1911, a MLW 2-4-2 of 1932, etc.

(3) RFFSA, 12th Div., formerly Dona Teresa Cristina Ry., in the state of Santa Catarina, operates heavy meter-gage steam locos such as Baldwin Pacifics of 1925, Alco Mikados of 1941, and Baldwin Texas types of 1940-'47. It is a coal carrier linking the port of Imbituba with the mines at Criciuma. All of its locos are coal-burners.

(4) RFFSA, 5th Div., formerly Viacao Ferrea Centro-Oeste, the narrow-gage all-Baldwin operation in the state of Minas Gerais, is still going strong, despite some evidence of deterioration.

I am looking for the names and addresses of railfans living in Japan and Argentina, those who can write Spanish or English, with the aim of exchanging pix and information. If you know any, please tell me.—Cid Jose Beraldo, Rua Joao Delgado, 80, CEP 02737, Sao Paulo (SP), Brasil (our spelling of my country's name).

Australia Heard From

INSTEAD of seeking jobs in air-conditioned offices, two 18-year-old girls, Anne Peachey and Karen Love, opted for the noise and grime of railway yards. Both are apprentices with the Public Transport Commission. Anne is a sheet-metal worker and Karen is an auto electrician trainee. They're the only females in this year's 400 intake, chosen from 4,500 applications.

Elsewhere in Australia, a baby girl a day or two old, found dead on a western suburbs railway line seems to have been dropped from a passing train. She had been wrapped in two plastic

shopping bags and a paper bag. Police could not trace the mother or person who abandoned the infant.

The Australian Museum train left Sydney Central Station for all points south. No one on the railway lines should mistake it. Painted bright red with yellow dinosaurs along its sides, the train bears some resemblance to a circus train.

The only difference is that the traveling Museum train brings school children and the people of New South Wales into contact with the wonders of nature, evolution, and wildlife. Two cars were redesigned and renovated at a cost of more than $100,000. One displays in exhibits the evolution of the earth, animals, and man. Beginning with the geological structure of the earth, the exhibit ends with city life, including rubber-wheeled tires and a computer. The second is a lecture and display area. The Museum train is stopping for two or three weeks at major provincial cities and towns and wherever possible at small villages. The travelling exhibition is free and open seven days a week.—A. Mann, P.O. Box 3, Drummoyne, N.S.W. 2047, Australia. ●

WET GRAIN SACKS IN THE TUNNEL

READING letters from Burt Lanning and William O. Gibson brought back memories of my younger days firing steam power on the Santa Fe. During Prohibition years, heavy shipments of table and wine grapes out of the fertile San Joaquin Valley to eastern markets each September and October needed many extra train and engine crews to handle them.

In 1921 I was cut off the board at San Bernardino, but went to the Arizona Division to fire during the two-month grape rush. At Southern Pacific headquarters in Kern, Calif., I took the rules exam to work over the ATSF-SP joint track between Kern Junction and Mojave, where trains switched onto the Santa Fe. The town of Bakersfield, a busy center for the fruit-growing and oil industries, was on the Valley Division, but the Arizona Division worked into there from Barstow. We ran on a yard-limit, jawbone, manual-block system from Bakersfield to Kern Junction, and from that point to Mojave we were under SP control and operated by their rules. The stretch between Mojave and Barstow was Santa Fe.

The fresh juicy grapes coming up from around the Fresno district were iced at Bakersfield. There was no automatic refrigeration in those days. As many as 12 to 15 solid trains of grapes would pull out of Bakersfield every day, each with a consist of 48 reefers. On leaving Calwa Yard at Fresno we used small 300-class Ten-wheelers. A switch engine would shove us out of the yard and we'd highball to Bakersfield. After the icing, three powerful Santa Fe type engines (2-10-2) would wheel us over as far as Tehachapi, where we'd drop the two helpers. The first helper was cut in 30 cars behind the road engine and the second helper nine cars back of that. Thus the three engines could be spotted for water at Waylong at one time.

As soon as I passed the SP exam I was called to help a grape train to Tehachapi. Never having been over the road except deadheading in a coach, I had no idea what it was like or where I was at any given point. On leaving Caliente at the foot of the hill, the engineer threw two folded grain sacks onto the steel deck and wet them down with the squirt hose. He told me that when he hollered "Rat hole" I was to hold one sack over my head until he said "All clear." We were working on the second helper and I soon learned the reason for the wet grain sack. Some of the tunnels—we called 'em ratholes—were quite long and all three engines would be in the same tunnel for several minutes, choking its air with hot poisonous exhaust. Things were not too bad on the first engine, but the second one was quite hot, and the third was really a scorcher. If you left a gap between your coat sleeve and glove, your wrist would be blistered painfully red. So the grain sacks were wet down before you entered a tunnel.

At Tehachapi the helpers would be cut out and turned on the Wye for the return trip to Bakersfield. Sometimes six or seven helper engines would be waiting to go back coupled. There was a lot of jockeying around to keep from being on the front end or the rear of the string. The head man had to handle the train of engines down the mountain side, while the hind man was obliged to do the flagging, which was quite often. What did the middle men do? They all congregated on one engine and usually played a big poker game.

At that time many of the 2-10-2's were still tandem compounds. They did not have an exhaust—just a big blow at the stack—and most of them were wonderful steamers. Later on, some inventive machinist rigged up an elbow that fitted on top of the stack of the superheated simple engine. An air cylinder controlled from the cab operated it. These engines also had a funnel with a hose attached. This connected with the brake pipe. You could put it over your face and get fresh air while going through the tunnels.

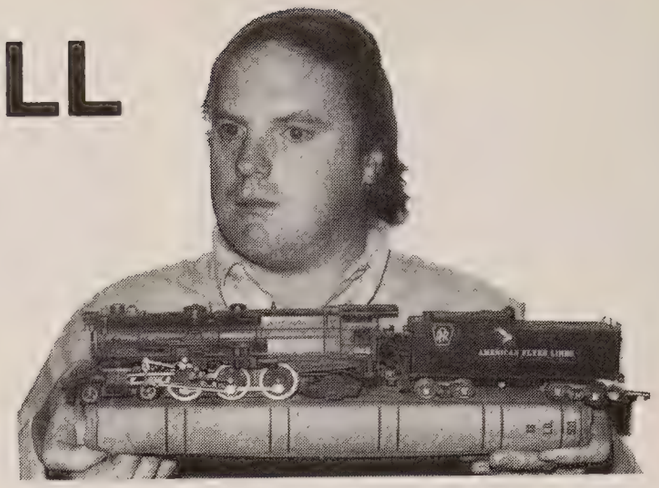
I made many trips on the Santa Fe—some I enjoyed, others I didn't—and fired for several old-time hoggers who had worked out of Needles, Calif. on the old Atlantic & Pacific away back in the 1880s.—R.P. Middlebrook, 2744 Columbia St., San Diego. Calif. 92103. ●

BRUCE RUSSELL

Interesting Railfan No. 186

by FREEMAN HUBBARD

All Rail Photographs by Bruce Russell



Bruce holds an American Flyer model of a Pennsy K-5. He collects S-gage model equipment and hopes to find time in future to build a layout.
Photograph by William Burke

BRUCE RUSSELL likes to travel overseas, not only to see, ride behind, and photograph various types of locomotives, especially steam, but also to learn first-hand how other people live and to visit well-known points of interest. He combines railfan trips with general sightseeing, believing there is no finer way to experience the sights, sounds, and exotic smells of strange lands than from the windows of railway coaches. In the summer of 1975, for example, he toured India and Ceylon. (The latter is now known as Sri Lanka.)

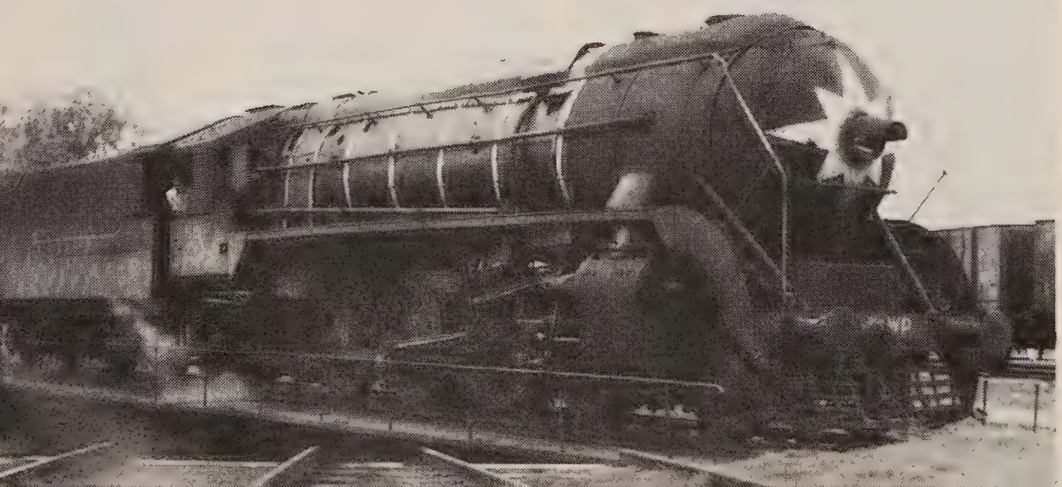
"I arrived in New Delhi, the Indian capital, when the monsoon rains were belting down," he tells us, "and stayed there two days prior to boarding the crack steam-powered *Taj Express* to Agra. Our train, which was run essentially for the benefit of tourists, was pulled by a superb Pacific which had rakish-looking smoke deflectors and other ornamentation. Furthermore, the locomotives of this WP class had bullet noses which reminded me of Norfolk & Western 4-8-4's. So many things about my trip on the *Taj Express* are still vivid in my memory, such as gazing at the chugging locomotive and her trail of thick soft coal smoke. Along the way we passed other passenger trains so overcrowded that people were riding on the coach roofs. Upon arrival at Agra I viewed with some reverence the awe-inspiring Taj Mahal, built in the 1600s by the Mogul Emperor Shah Jahan in memory of his wife.

"Elsewhere in India I saw countless Hindu temples, a few of which contain pornographic stone sculpture, and hordes of devout pilgrims bathing in the incredibly dirty Ganges River under the delusion that this would purify their souls for immortality. Like Rudyard Kipling 100 years ago, my reaction to India and its people is one of bewilderment, fascination, and pity. Even today, the Indian Railways run hundreds of special passenger trains to the Sacred River to accommodate the overflow crowds on religious holidays."

Being unable to curb his wanderlust for steam power in foreign lands, Bruce made a trip to *apartheid* South Africa in the fall of 1976.

"With ample coal reserves," he writes, "the South African Railways administration adopted a policy of retaining steam power on routes where electrification is not economically justifiable. This decision has resulted in making South Africa a Mecca for railfans contemplating overseas steam safaris to experience the thrill of big mainline locos hard at work in regular service."

While in India in 1975 Bruce rode behind such Pacifics. If you take a quick glance without digging for details, first appearance is that of N&W steam.



ONE SOUTH AFRICAN engineer let Bruce ride in the cab of his 4-8-4 for over 200 miles, and eventually our *Interesting Railfan* talked the engineer into allowing him to take the throttle between Bloemfontein and Bethlehem. Although Bruce's inexperience caused the drivers of

On Bruce Russell's trip to South Africa he enjoyed chasing these two-foot-gage Beyer-Garratts which operate in vicinity of Durban on Indian Ocean.

the mighty class 25 to slip now and again, the 18-car passenger train kept on schedule as she raced through the empty stretches of the Karoo Desert.

After covering the highlights of South Africa, he traveled north into Rhodesia, whose people are waging a gallant fight against terrorist guerillas. After arriving in the railway town of Bulowayo, Bruce visited the Wankee Game Preserve, which features some of the finest wildlife in all of Africa. On the next afternoon, he purchased a ticket on the overnight train to Victoria Falls. Prior to departure from the stub end platform, he saw about 20 soldiers climb aboard the last two coaches for protection in the event of an ambush by terrorists.

"Our 14-car train, composed of first, second, and third-class coaches," he writes, "was pulled by a mighty Beyer-Garrett steam locomotive, which is basically two sets of driving wheels or running gear beneath a single boiler. Her great headlight threw a bright beam of illumination for a mile and a half ahead of us. As we highballed through the darkness of the African night under a full September moon, I feared that the terrorists might open fire on us at any moment, but was somewhat reassured by looking out my window and seeing the Rhodesian Army regulars on the alert for any trouble. These troops were armed with submachine guns and high-powered rifles. Inside the locomotive cab, two soldiers rode with weapons cocked, and if they had spotted any human figures moving out of the brush they would have opened fire. Had I been given a weapon, I too would have fired without hesitation in the event our train was besieged.

"Luckily, we reached Victoria Falls the next morning without incident, and I booked a hotel room overlooking both the spectacular waterfall and the crescent-shaped bridge linking Rhodesia and Zambia. The mighty falls are created by millions of gallons of water from the Zambesi River pouring over the rock cliff into the chasm below, creating a multi-hued rainbow. On the next day I took a cruise on the Zambesi

Supervised by the engineer, Bruce drove this South African Rys. 4-8-4 through the Karoo Desert.

River and couldn't fail to notice the hundreds of crocodiles sunning themselves on the river bank. These reptiles probably would have made a meal out of anyone unfortunate enough to fall into the river."

IRA ROBBINS, a longtime friend, says of him: "Bruce Russell has always been a person in search of adventure. In 1973 he and I traveled to Mexico to participate in an archeological expedition near the Mayan ruins of Chitzen Itza, on the hot and steamy Yucatan Peninsula. A two-day journey by section sleeper on the National Railways of Mexico took us to Kopo Teche, where the excavations were in progress. For the next few days we carefully removed the earth from the ancient temple walls which had been built before Columbus set foot on America.

"Bruce spotted a crack in part of the south wall and wanted to remove more of the surrounding stones to ascertain whether or not there was something behind them. The expedition leader was skeptical, but Bruce seemed to have a sixth sense which told him that something had to be behind that wall. On his own, Bruce meticulously scraped mortar away, and separated the stones so that an entrance became visi-

ble. Within a few hours he was able to get behind the wall and came upon a burial area where various sacred images and artifacts had been concealed for safe keeping from the Spanish Conquistadors. All the items eventually became the property of the Mexican Government, but Bruce was credited with playing a role in their discovery."

On their way home from Yucatan, Bruce and Ian made a special trip to the port city of Veracruz to ride on that city's archaic streetcar system. According to Earl Clark, a recognized authority in world tramways, this system is best described as an operating museum of former U.S. equipment sent south of the border after World War II. Bruce's memory of Veracruz is still vivid. He tells us: "Peter Witts, Birneys, and old Pacific Electric types operated on three routes over trackage that looked as though it had just survived an earthquake, and the voltage drop along the wires caused the cars to reduce their speed to a crawl in certain spots. However, we were able to obtain all the photographic coverage we wanted before spending an evening of relaxation with some of the city's lovely senoritas."

This photo of a German Rys. 4-6-2 posed along side twin water pipes suggests to Bruce Russell the sort of bold dominating power which designed her, specifically the Third Reich of Nazi Germany.

BRUCE RUSSELL was born September 1, 1946, in Brooklyn, New York City. His mother was a research assistant for the now-defunct *Life* magazine and his father was an accountant. The only railroader in the family tree was Bruce's paternal grandfather, a Southern Pacific company surgeon working out of Sacramento and deadheading over most of the system in line of duty.

In the late 1940s and early 1950s, Brooklyn was still a Mecca for electric railway enthusiasts. Shaky but sturdy elevated railway structures were threading the downtown area. Bruce remembers looking up many a time at the old iron-gate cars still rattling over the rails as they had done under the unsavory management of Jay Gould. He thought then that they'd last forever like the steam locomotive and the historic prestige of the Rock of Gibraltar, but of course they didn't. In those days, too, trolley cars clattered over Brooklyn's streets, their tortured wheels screaming around curves.

"They ran on Ocean Avenue," Bruce recalls, "where I spent a reasonably happy childhood. I have memories of them passing my front door. Grandpa (on my mother's side) used to hold me up to wave at the motormen, who in turn saluted me by clanging their bells.

"One of my earliest recollections is being taken to a large trolley barn near Coney Island and placed on the driver's seat of a PCC, where I played motorman by pushing the accelerator pedal and opening and closing the doors. We went to other locations also, but my favorite ride was on the BMT elevated trains which ran between Jay Street and Metropolitan Avenue via Myrtle Avenue. I well remember those trains rumbling over the iron superstructure, passing the second floors of drab tenements occupied by people whom I knew were less fortunate than I was. Unlike the Third Avenue Elevated, which was demolished in 1955, the old Myrtle route survived until 1969, giving me an ample opportunity to cover it both with color movies and stills."

In the summer of 1950, Bruce's father moved his family from Brooklyn to the quaint suburban community of Glen Ridge, N.J., which was (and still is) lit by gas rather than electric streetlights. At the time, Public Service Transit was running their large, Brill-inspired, World War I era trolleys with the distinctive yellow and cream color scheme. On several occasions Bruce was taken by his mother on shopping trips to downtown Newark, and he remembers riding one car along Bloomfield Avenue until it made a sharp right turn and headed down a steep ramp onto the tracks of the City Subway. Once on the private right-of-way formerly the bed of the Morris Canal, the motorman really opened the car up and sparks flew as a fast run was made to Broad Street and Penn Station.

"We spent summers at Point Pleasant, N.J., which is an old seaside resort," he tells us. "I recall seeing the Pennsy's K-4's and long strings of Tuscan Red passenger cars round the reverse loop at nearby Bay Head and cross the drawbridge at

A double-truck, deck-roof trolley picks up passengers in Lisbon, Portugal, in November, 1977.

Manasquan Inlet. On a humid summer evening, after a day of swimming, I was taken to the yard occasionally by my aunt. There I'd see the big locomotives with keystones on their boiler fronts and with spoked driving wheels and Belpaire boilers, sizzling away while waiting for the Monday rush hour.

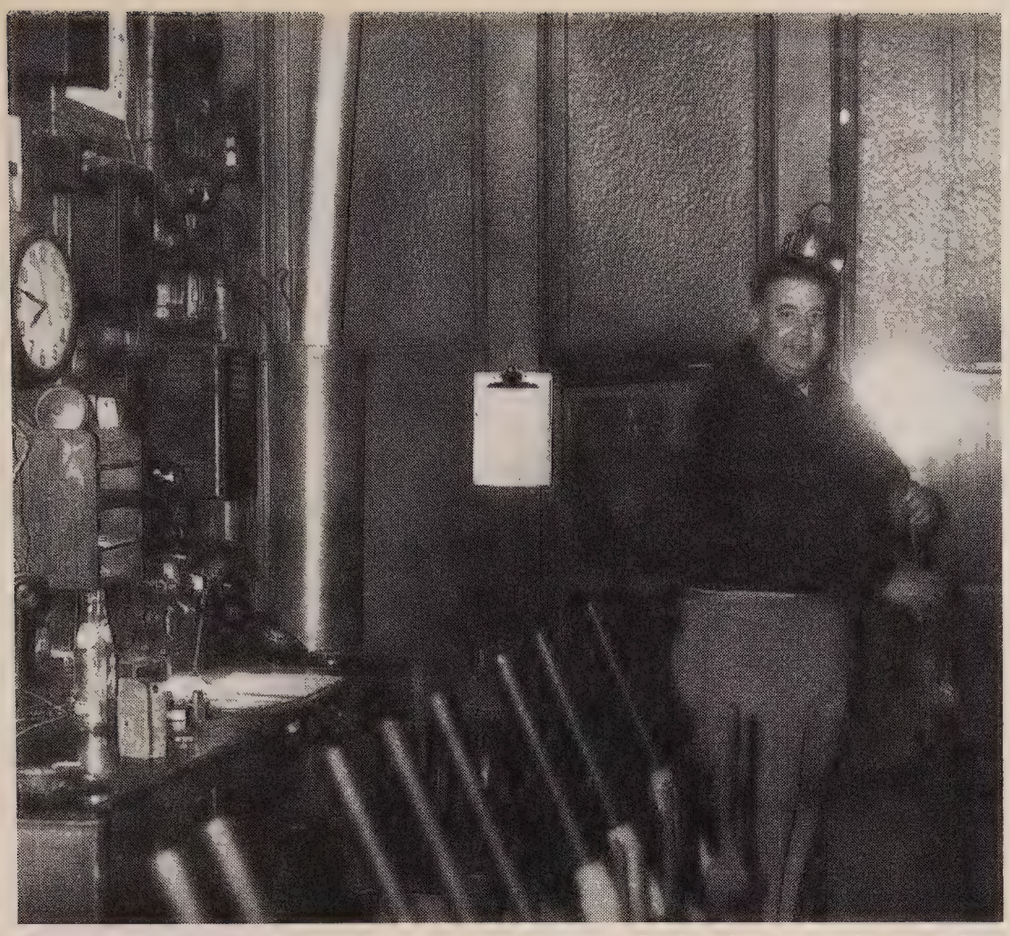
"Naturally, everything appeared larger to me because in those days I was a small child. Around that time I began to realize that I was a confirmed railfan. All I wanted for a birthday gift was to go on a fantrip behind steam. A few years later this wish was fulfilled when my father—bless his heart!—took time off from his golf course to treat me to an Iron Horse Ramble behind Reading T-1 No. 2124. This great machine impressed me so much that I persuaded Dad to take me on another Ramble."

BRUCE IS SIX FEET tall and weighs about 210 pounds. His hair gives some people the impression that he is a pure-blooded Irishman, although only his mother, whose maiden name was Reilly, can trace her descent to the Emerald Isle. He lives at 240 Mt. Vernon Place, Newark, N.J. 07106. After graduation from Newark Academy, a prep school, he went on to Georgetown University in Washington, D.C. Being in school in the nation's capital permitted him to visit such places as the Smithsonian Institution, which displays America's technological history. During his summer vacations, while at college he worked for the Jersey Central as a yard clerk in Carteret, N.J., keeping track of freight cars.

"In retrospect," he muses, "I feel that this was a dangerous job and would not have taken it today. Very often I reported obvious safety violations which could easily have caused a fatal explosion, such as leaking chlorine gas."

Bruce is still single, but tells us that he would eventually like to find a wealthy young widow who'd financially underwrite his railfan activities. "I'm perfectly content to spend the next ten years of my life as a bachelor," he says, "not being tied down by responsibilities. My philosophy in life is to take the path of least resistance."

His major non-rail interest is ships, especially the great ocean-going liners of the present century. Those massive vessels



Towerman Bill Burke, working Jersey Central's Spring St. Tower in 1975, has flavor of rail operations of another era with levers, desk and clock.

appeal to his romantic desire to visit far-away places. He remembers wistfully standing at the tip of Manhattan Island and seeing such beauties as the *Queen Mary*, the *United States*, and the *France*, all of them a tribute to their designers and builders. Last winter, when snow blocked the roads and kept him homebound, Bruce built a model of the *Queen Mary* which he is proud of. For this summer, he is booked for a passage to Great Britain on the *Queen Elizabeth II*. He hopes that while on board that Cunard liner he may meet the lady of his dreams, who will advance him the funds to continue his railfan interests over an indefinite period.

HE IS A MEMBER of the Titanic Historical Society, a world-wide group which seeks to keep alive the memory of the great four-stack liner which an iceberg sank off Newfoundland in 1912. (Incidentally, your editor had a second cousin, Elbert Hubbard, and his wife, Alice, who went down on that ship.) In 1974, Bruce made a movie of the *Alexander Hamilton*, the last side-wheeler to operate in the East. Two years later he increased his maritime coverage by filming Operation Sail in the nation's Bicentennial activities. For several days prior to that event he studied the harbor to find an ideal location for filming the vast armada of ships which would sail up the lordly Hudson River, and came upon an old pier which suited this purpose very well.

A funny story involving Bruce as a youth occurred about 15 years ago. He and a companion were photographing trains on the Greenwood Lake Division of the old Erie near Pompton, N.J., when a middle-aged man came out of an adjacent house and accused the teenagers of trespassing on his land. He said he had called the police and he ordered the lads to stay there until they arrived. His automobile happened to be parked in his driveway with the keys in it and motor running.

"My friend and I," Bruce tells us, "got into the car and drove off. The owner yelled after us, screaming that he'd see us both in prison. What made the incident more amusing to me was the fact that we saw a police car with lights flashing, going in the opposite direction two blocks away from the man's house. It must have been responding to the original complaint of trespassing. Somehow, we got away with this. When we ran out of gas, we abandoned the car in Paterson, N.J. No doubt the owner finally got it back."

Politically, Railfan No. 186 is a registered Republican. He favors a restoration of the death penalty for such crimes as murder, selling narcotics, or airplane hijacking. Nevertheless, he opposed the Vietnam War and feels that thousands of young Americans, not to mention natives, died for nothing. He sees a continued danger in the persistence of unrestrained capitalism with its emphasis on profit making at the expense of the environment.

"After reading the book, *The Wreck of the Penn Central*, by Daughen and Binzen," he adds, "I feel that the railroad industry under private ownership was systematically drained of its wealth which was funneled into other areas, such as executive jet aviation. Because of this, the taxpaying public has been forced to underwrite the succeeding railroad, known as Conrail, to the tune of millions of dollars."

Bruce has always had a fondness for animals, but especially pedigreed dogs, and while growing up in Glen Ridge had a golden retriever called Rusty. Each year he usually attends the Westminster Kennel Club's annual dog show and never ceases to be amazed at the vast number of recognized breeds in existence. He is also a member of the Humane Society which prosecutes people who mistreat animals.

OUR SUBJECT devotes some of his week-ends to helping members of the New Jersey Chapter of NRHS to restore to operating condition Public Service streetcar No. 2651. Built in

1917, this trolley was last operated in Hudson County about 1947, after which it was sold for use as a tool shed in Long Valley, N.J. At the present time, work on it involves the removal of rotted and deteriorated portions of the body, careful measurement of them, and replacement with reproductions made from lumber.

"It is interesting to see the various types of wood which the carbuilders used in constructing a streetcar," he says. "For example, softer woods such as cherry and spruce in the interior sections, while hardwoods such as oak, hickory, and ash help to form the end platforms. In almost every instance I discovered that the hardwoods have stood up better than the steel used on the car sides. After being completely restored, the 2651 will serve as an accurate reproduction of the type of trolleys which ran in northern New Jersey until the gas and oil interests replaced them with buses. Furthermore, on special occasions our group hopes to operate the 2651 on the Newark city subway tracks, where PCC's still run."

Bruce tells us he has been reading *Railroad* since about 1960, having been drawn to it originally by Steve Maguire's transit department. Today, however, he reads all the departments, among other constituents of the magazine. "Your rail-girl photos," he says, "add life and charm to your magazine."

To keep physically fit, he does considerable walking and ocean swimming, usually at Bay Head, N.J. He is a gourmet eater, enjoying in particular the exotic foods of foreign lands he has visited.

"When I am walking along a street," he tells us, "the aroma of strange food being cooked is often enough to make me seek out its source. Except for overeating, I have no bad habits that I know of. I am opposed to drugs and alcohol and consider that cigarette smoking is potentially dangerous and socially undesirable. It usually begins in adolescence in response to peer-group pressure."

Our hero is presently doing research on what he calls the "Forgotten Terminals of the Hudson River," and eventually plans to write a feature article on them. His future travel plans include a trip from the southern tip of South America to the border of Panama. It will be a journey by rail, which will constitute a tremendous challenge, because the rail system on that continent, especially in Brazil, is disconnected, with certain lines remote from any outside connections. Nevertheless, if this adventure is like any of his previous sojourns, he will finish up with some fine photos and interesting tales to tell us. ●

Bruce's earliest railfan adventures involved taking Saturday afternoon rides on New York City elevated lines. Riding Third Ave. El with grandfather was always big treat. Photo shows five-car southbound train running over line.
Photo by Bill Burke, collection of Bruce Russell

IN SEARCH OF STEAM

With Mike Eagleson

EX-KENTUCKY & TENNESSEE 2-8-2 No. 10, long owned by Tennessee Valley Railroad Museum (P.O. Box 5263, Chattanooga, Tenn. 37406), has been reflued for excursion service. A taped interview made by Jerry H. Smith (353 Hixson St., Daisy, Tenn. 37319), with Paul H. Merriman, president of the museum, informed me that work is progressing quite well on the medium-sized Mikado. It is planned to make minor facial alterations to give her the appearance of a Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis engine and to attach a Vanderbilt tender. She was used on a Southern Railway fantrip and renumbered 6910.

Now here is a problem. The locomotive has always run with a 10 in her road number. In as much as NC&StL 2-8-2's were numbered in the 600 series, logically, the "new" Mike should be 610. However, I'm sure no one will confuse this good-looking Mike, No. 610, with Southern leased *Texas,* also 610. The museum hopes to have the addition to the fantrip community ready for service this fall. I'm eagerly awaiting news of the first excursion. Please keep me posted.

Also in the TVRM collection is ex-Gainesville Midland 2-10-0 No. 203. I remember photographing this handsome Decapod, smoky and loud-talking, in regular service in Georgia in 1959. The museum has kept her protected and painted, but has no immediate plans or need to make her serviceable again.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY—bless its heart!—is doing more for steam fantrips than any other Class I road in North America. During the busy 1976 Bicentennial year, it broke all previous ticket records for excursions with 64,091 sales; but the 1977 season surpassed even this with 76, 157 tickets sold. James A. Bistline, Assistant to the Chairman of Southern Railway, indicates that steam trips are being continued in 1978, but does not plan to exceed the recently set records. The wear on antique equipment and the burden on personnel is very hard indeed. Most of Southern's steam trips use Texas No. 610 and/or Mikado No. 4501. Consolidations 630 and 722 will be used seldom, due to their age, size, and condition. Continued strong support could insure the Southern steam excursion tradition for years to come.

WORK CONTINUES on the restoration of ex-Mississippian 2-8-0 No. 77 by the North Alabama Railroad Club at Sheffield. This group believes its one time Frisco Consolidation is ready to be put back together.

EARLY THIS YEAR, Royal Hudson No. 2860 is to make a trip eastward as far as Quebec City with a specially set-up museum train from British Columbia. But diesels are likely to be used in the consist to assist where required and will be controlled from the steam locomotive cab. Unfortunately, no passenger hauling excursions are planned, at least while the 2860 is in the big cities of Ottawa, Montreal, and Toronto.

PINE CREEK RAILROAD at Allaire State Park in Wall Township, N.J., held a "Railroaders Day," May 7, featuring three operating steam locomotives and one diesel. Motive power included 4-4-0T No. 3, *Lady Edith;* two-truck Shay No. 9; 2-6-2 No. 26, and 23-ton GE ex-Army diesel No. 2. Steam ran from noon until 3 p.m., with a single steam train operating until 5 p.m. A single 50¢ fare was good for unlimited train-riding, with no extra State Park entrance fee.

EX-CANADIAN PACIFIC 4-6-2 No. 1201 hauled the British Queen Elizabeth II between Ottawa and Wakefield, Ontario, on her Silver Jubilee visit to Canada. The Pacific was built by the Angus Shops in Montreal in 1944, but now belongs to the National Museum of Science and Technology in Ottawa.

THE TIOGA TRANSPORTATION MUSEUM in Oswego, N.Y., has recently acquired a 1918-built 0-4-0T from the Dexter & Northern, last used in 1953 to haul pulpwood.

WHEN AN OLD storage building in the Port Townsend area of Washington State was torn down, a small steam locomotive was unearthed. She had been used in the construction of Forts Worden and Flagler in 1890 and 1910 respectfully.

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ED COLLINS, long-time and beloved Shay locomotive engineer of Graham County Railroad, died at 78, on January 24th at home in Robbinsville, N.C., reports Herbert F. Markland, 1617 Maycroft Rd., Virginia Beach, Va. 23455. I remember shooting the two GC Shays in the early 1960s. Genial Ed would always talk to you, tell you stories of steam locomotives, answer your questions, and make smoke for pictures. He was a fine example of a small-town boy without much education becoming a local hero at the end of the steam era. He is greatly missed by all who knew him.

RARE STANDARD-GAGE 4-4-0T No. 11 is on display at San Fernando on the island of South Trinidad, after having made her last run there in 1967. She was built by Kitson Engineering Co. Ltd., in England in 1895, reports Gene D. Gordon, 120 Chestnut Ave., Jersey City, N.J. 07306.

Shane's Castle Railway

AS A BOY living in northern Ireland, Raymond O'Neill used to sit on the railway embankments, watching the huge steam locomotives thundering by an dreaming of one day being at the throttle himself. Mitchell Smith writes in *The Toronto Star.* Many small boys have such a dream. But Raymond had the means to make his dream come true. He grew up to become Lord O'Neill and he built his own railway.

It runs through a nature reserve in the grounds of his home, Shane's Castle, near Antrim. On any warm Sunday you may see him stoking the

Norfolk & Western 4-8-4 No. 600 meets 2;8;8;2 No. 2140 near Christianburg, Va., on Dec. 16, 1954. The 600 is J class built by N&W in 1941 and 2140 is class Y-6 turned out by N&W in 1938.
C. Wm. Jernstrom, 822 Pelham St., Ft. Wayne, Ind. 46825

boilers of the little engines that ply along the 3-foot-wide track. The Shane's Castle steam railway is one of Ulster's newest tourist attractions. Since it opened in 1971 it has carried about 35,000 visitors a year.

As you sit in the quaint open toast-rack carriages it's hard to remember that you are fewer than 15 miles from Belfast, the dateline for most of the stories about Ulster that go out on the international news wires—stories of bombings, shootings and general mayhem. But most of Ulster is quiet and peaceful, like Shane's Castle, and of the nearly half a million visitors who go there each year most never hear a gunshot or a bomb blast.

Lord O'Neill, a founder member of the Railway Preservation Society of Ireland, began getting his railway together in the mid-1960s, rescuing his three steam engines and rolling stock from the scrap heap which the broad gage diesels an road transportation were consigning them. At their fastest, on downhill runs, the Shane's Castle locos hardly make 20 miles an hour. But no one cares, for this is The Land of Time Enough.

RECORD of the MONTH

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A tribute to the Southern Ry. and the steam locomotives operated by them. No. 4501, No. 630, No. 722, No. 750, and ex-Mississippian No. 77 are all featured. Included are doubleheaders 722/750 and 722/630 . . . . and some mighty pretty whistle blowing by Mr. Walter Dove. Yours for the price of admission, any time of the day or night.

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New Steam Books

LONG ISLAND RAIL ROAD, by Frederick A. Kramer, with photography by John Krause, 8½x11", 96 pages, color soft cover, hundreds of photos, map, roster; Carstens Publications, Fredon-Springdale Rd., Fredon Township, P.O. Box 700, Newton, N.J. 07860, $8.95.

Here is an outstanding LIRR picture gallery of mid-era steam days and into the decade of first-generation diesels. Reproduction and photo layouts are excellent. John Krause, a native Long Islander, grew up at trackside with a Speed Graphic to provide the broad spectrum and highlights of his best passenger and freight train negatives. A few period electric engines sneak in to present to the reader the total picture of the LIRR in the 1940s and fifties.

LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD, "The Route of the Black Diamond," by Robert A. Archer, 8½x11", 372-pages, hard cover, hundreds of photos, maps timetables, art work, published by Howell-North at $17.95 and available from Railroad Magazine Book Service.

This is the definitive steam-diesel history and motive-power book on the widely-loved Lehigh Valley. Bob Archer has presented a high-water mark in information and photo research from both company and private files. Steam fans will rejoice that at last this road, with beautiful engines and fascinating lore, has been preserved between hard covers, offers a single source of LV action and stills. Wrecks, floods, disasters and abandonments—they're all here in a quality-production mix of layouts and printing, photos and copy.

CONTINUE SENDING steam news to Mike Eagleson, 37 Edgemere Ave., Mt. Arlington, N.J. 07856. ●

TRACKSIDE in the DIESEL AGE

by Jim Edmonston

THE MILWAUKEE ROAD needs Federal funds right away to repair locomotives damaged by the severe weather of last winter and put them back into service. A guarantee of $5.3 in trustee certificates under the Emergency Rail Services Act of 1970 is, as we go to press, being sought from the Federal Railroad Administration by Stanley E.G. Hillman, trustee of the Milwaukee Road in reorganization. His application was approved by the U.S. District Court in Chicago, which is overseeing the Milwaukee's reorganization, Hillman also filed a copy of the application with the Interstate Commerce Commission, which the Secretary of Transportation is required to consult before guaranteeing the trustee certificates.

The $5.3 million represents the balance available from $125 million originally set up by Congress under ERSA to provide temporary help to railroads being reorganized.

The Milwaukee's application of last September for a total of $19.6 million in Federal loan guarantees under the 4R Act includes $12.8 million for the extensive overhaul of locomotives, $5.3 million for freight-car repair and $1.5 million for additional water-quality control facilities at the road's shops.

THREE DISASTERS occurred not long ago in less than five days, all in the South. Derailments, especially those which entail loss of life, affect everyone interested in railroading. This column abhors anything which tends to give the industry a black eye. So we report these accidents only in the hope that a way might be found to prevent them in the future.

At Waverly, Tenn., 55 miles west of Nashville, a Louisville & Nashville freight jumped the track right in the center of town. The actual derailment hurt no one, but efforts to transload a tank car of liquid propane proved disastrous. The car ruptured and the gas exploded in a huge fireball, killing 11 persons and injuring scores more, at the same time leveling the town. Just 60 miles west of Waverly, in Cades, Tenn., an Illinois Central Gulf freight likewise derailed and a tanker of sodium hydroxide began leaking. Some 150 persons were evacuated; no injuries in this one.

Sunday morning, February 26th, was the last day of life for eight unfor-

Designed to haul logs from Morton to Tacoma, Wash., this Milwaukee Road unit was one of the most powerful locomotives ever built, being geared so low that it could pull 400 loaded boxcars on the level or handle 2,100 tons of 132 empty log cars up a 3.3 grade on the 7,000-foot hill out of Tacoma. It weighed 460 tons, with a starting tractive effort of over 230,000 pounds. Top speed of only 50 mph was sacrificed for power.

Milwaukee Road

Photograph by Interesting Railfan Dr. Philip R. Hastings

Milwaukee Road switcher removes Tacoma-Spokane sleeper from the rear of the *Columbian.* Flagman walks by car.

tunates in the Florida panhandle town of Youngstown. A freight wreck there involved a tank car of deadly chlorine gas, which spread in a deadly green cloud across an adjacent highway. People driving by suffocated and died. Newspapers did not mention which railroad was involved, but according to my *Official Guide* the only rail carrier serving Youngstown is the Atlanta & St. Andrews Bay. An Associated Press photo clearly shows a new Bay Line boxcar amid the tangled wreckage.

Officials of the National Transportation Safety Board have already been quoted as saying that roadbed and track problems are prime factors in train wrecks. No official causes have been set for any of these three. Public hearings went into the problems of transporting hazardous and volatile materials over highways and rails.

Why so many derailments these days? Are we reverting to the 1870s and 1880s when trains were off the rails almost as much as on them? We cringe at the death tolls, but we wonder where the nation would be today if as many passenger trains were running as there were a century ago. Freight wrecks, unless spectacular, don't attract much attention in the national media. Now, of course, with the vast array of chemicals and fuels being hauled in monster tank cars, a freight smash-up becomes ominous.

Reading a list of ICC findings on recent wrecks could educate and shock you. There are still cases of gross human error and negligence in today's reports, just as there were in Casey Jones's time. The old hotbox bugaboo is no longer the monster it was, but burned-off journals still cause wrecks, roller-bearings and detectors notwithstanding. Track and roadbed problems are huge. It is easy to blame them, but they are not always the real cause.

In recent years, we have seen at least two cases in which equipment, brand new, presumably caused wrecks. One was a covered hopper car, the other a locomotive. Both were reluctantly "modified" by their builders; no company wants to be known as a builder of unsafe equipment, hence the reluctance.

What can our readers do about it? Railroaders, of course, can and do report perilous situations to their unions and immediate dangers to their superiors, as a matter of life or death. But we who admire and study railroads from trackside also can help. We can report poor track conditions, broken crossing gates, lenses out of signals, vandalism, etc. Call the railroad and ask for the superintendent. Don't make a pest of yourself; become a valuable friend. If you happen to spot a hotbox or dragging equipment or a shifted load on a passing freight, don't hesitate to signal the crew on the rear, or call the dispatcher and report in as much detail as possible, telling him where you are and what direction the train was moving. Get involved—it will help.

A squib in the *Cincinnati Enquirer* said that the Federal Railroad Administration listed 7858 reported derailments on the U.S. railroads in 1977. FRA says 4360 of these were caused by improperly maintained roadbeds.

CANADIAN NEWS arrived too late for publication last month. The CP-UP run-through arrangement is going well. Union Pacific put ditch lights on Nos. 3123-3128, which are used in the lead, trailing 3300's. CP units can be used trailing UP's, but not leading. Normally, nine UP units are on CP Rail at any one time. Eastbound out of Cranbrook they are used on trains 980 and 984; westbound they handle 979 only as it is quite heavy.

Alco-Montreal units with 244-series engines that have been stored at St. Luc will be scrapped, except for those stored since last fall. These will get blocks from retired FA-FB's. Scrappers include RS-3's 8426, 8429, 8431, 8437, 8447, and 8585; RS-10's 8464, 82, 8562, 8573, and 8574. Those given used blocks are RS-10's 8577, 8586, 8589, and 8479, 8470. The 8470 is already running with a reconditioned block.

VIA (Canadian version of Amtrak) is set to take over transcontinental trains on June 1, which means the last run of the *Canadian*, as a completely Budd train will be on May 31, 1978. VIA will use routes of both CN and CP in this service.

New CP power received from GMD, 5851 and 5852. Retired due to a wreck were SD-40-2's 5634, 5588, 5587, and Robot 27. Stored unserviceable lists include SD-40 5675, FP-9A 1408, and quite a few Alco-Montreal switchers. CP 8136, moving from the Dominion Atlantic to Angus Shops in Montreal for repair was lost for a week on the CNR around Joffre, Quebec. Nos. 7015 and 7031 went to Angus for removal of main generators.

Baldwin 7070 is now working on the E&N on Vancouver Island; Alco 7016 went to Vancouver for repairs. FA-2 4085 will be used to test air brakes on robot trains in the Rockies; she was released from Angus on Jan. 31st. Could possibly be paired with one of the ex-CLC B units used as robots. C-Liner 4104, stored at Lethbridge, is or was for sale; if not sold quickly, she will be cut up.

CP wants 38 more SD-40-2's next year and will rebuild about thirty GP-9's, like 8530. First on this list is 8518, which will lose her steam generator and be given a chopped nose. VIA is to get 31 A-B units from CP, but they recommend scrapping the only two E-8's left, 1800 and 1802.

Last trips to Angus Shops were made in February by FA-2 4082, FA-1 4016, FPB-2 4463, and RS-2 8406. Loco test car 1150 was used to test a new Tunisian Rys. loco on the St. Agathe Sub north of Montreal. She was Tunisian Rys. 040-DK-8L, just out of MLW. Severe weather raised havoc with CP trains last winter. Passengers were flown between Winnipeg and Calgary, two plow trains were snowed in on the Maple Creek Sub between Feb. 7th and 12th.

Canadian National also is losing units to VIA; 6759 and 6760 are the latest. 5589 and 5590 are back from lease to Conrail, 5503 was returned to Grand Trunk Western after repairs, and Central Vermont sent four GP-9's to the GTW. Canadian National delivered Alaska RR. units 1511, 1516, 1522, and 1526 to the C&NW at Duluth, Minn., last January. Did anybody see these moving west? British Columbia Railway's Pease Lake extension is finished to Milepost 220, and there were plans for BCR's 4-6-4 2860 to make a cross-Canada trip in March. (Did it happen?)

Conrail's line through southern Ontario sees only one freight each way per day, while Chesapeake & Ohio runs two each way over the CR's track. Ontario Northland has cut off the day *Northlanders*, leaving one TEE set trip each way per day, plus the overnight run made with conventional equipment.

Mexico is reportedly to get 200 new passenger cars from Canadian builders. Delaware & Hudson has released the URS locos 115, 116, and 117 and they have been seen in CN's Montreal yard. Meanwhile, D&H's 4071 and 4094 went to the Wolfeboro Railroad. CN moved them from Rouses Point Yard to Sheldon Junction, Vt. Those two Butte, Anaconda & Pacific electrics, 201 and 202, have been scrapped after stripping, but London & Port Stanley boxcab L-2 is now in the CRHA Museum in Toronto.

CP operated a special 60-car freight called the *Mandarin Express* from Vancouver to Eastern Canada. The cargo was 9 million mandarin oranges, half the cargo of the freighter *Australic*. CP Rail delivered the oranges non-stop, and was to haul a total of eight shiploads (700 cars) by year's end. Well, maybe not as romantic as the old silk trains, but the same care and dispatch was accorded these juicy oranges.

THERE IS CONFUSION over recent reports concerning the Morristown & Erie Railroad and the National

Engineer Fred Zoobkoff eases CP Rail FM H-16-44 No. 8714 onto barge at Slocan City, B.C., on Sept. 6, 1974 for ferry ride over Slocan Lake to Rosebery where H-liner will unload Nakusp cars and van.
W.R. Hooper, Box 1662, Golden, B.C., Canada V0A 1N0

Locomotive Co. of Morristown, N.J. Don Dorflinger, 18 Westland Road, Cedar Grove, N.J. 07009, editor of the Block Line newsletter of the Tri-State Chapter of NRHS, has the correct information on this setup. Don says that National never owned the Morristown & Erie, that the M&E did not close down last January 31st as reported, and no part of it was absorbed into Conrail.

The facts are that Midland Holding Co. bought the M&E in the spring of 1977, with approval from the N.J. Board of Public Utilities. However, the company was not allowed to tamper with the M&E's cash reserves. National Locomotive Co., a subsidiary of Midland, was set up to take over M&E's small locomotive rebuilding business. This business was set up separately from the railroad itself, and remains separate. NALCO is a Florida-based firm established by two of Midland's directors last fall. It is easy to be misled—as happened to visiting fans—into thinking that NALCO, as the most visible occupant of the Morristown facilities, had taken over the railroad.

Last January, 6 former M&E stockholders filed suit against the holding company, claiming that two directors funneled $620,000 out of the M&E's reserves into another Florida firm, thus reducing the M&E to temporary receivership. This case may mean the dismissal of the Midland directors, the same men who killed the M&E's steam tourist operations on the grounds that they lost money.

Also, says Don, the M&E runs be-

Indiana Harbor Belt SW1500 No. 9220 and slug 479 at Riverside, Ill., in '76.
Photograph by William T. Morgan

tween Morristown and Essex *Fells,* not *Falls,* and Alco 14 is an S-4, not S-2. Don left the Morristown & Erie last November, at which time he was senior conductor on the tourist operations.

Other news from Don and the Block Line wires has it that the New Jersey Dept. of Transportation will not lease 10 ex-Long Island C-420's as previously reported. After inspecting the units at Colonie, NJDOT found all but four of them unfit for passenger service. Instead, the New York & Long Branch line will get ten EMD E-8's to be remanufactured at Paducah, Ky. by the Illinois Central Gulf. They will cost $400,000 each and will be purchased, not leased. These units will be assigned to the Long Branch pool, releasing the ex-PRR and NYC E-7's and E-8's. These, in turn, will be rebuilt by General Electric at North Bergen, N.J. While these locos are in process, NJDOT has been leasing Conrail power, mostly GP-38's. One notable unit surfaced at Bay Head, N.J., on Feb. 26th: 4014, the ex-EL 825, the last passenger-geared E-8 still in Erie Lackawanna colors. The first GE rebuild, 4256, an E-8, was expected to be in service the first week of March in NJDOT colors. Two other non-rebuilt units, E-8's 4320 and 4246, already sport these colors.

PITTSBURG & SHAWMUT RR. of Brookeville, Pa., has decided to repaint its entire roster (nine SW-9's, one GP-7) in a red, white and blue scheme based on the Bicentennial of 1976. Many other Bicentennial locos have been painted back in their normal colors. Is P&S the only road with ten units in red, white, and blue?

Another unusual feature is the naming of the locos for inventors of famous firearms. For instance, GP-7 357 is the *Dan Wesson* (Smith & Wesson revolvers) and the SW-9 1851 is *Sam Colt,* for the "gun that won the West." Can you think of eight more names: Let's see; there are Gatling, Thompson, Derringer, Luger, Sten, etc. Would P&S name a track speeder "Daisy"? I'd like to see a final roster. Jim Breakey, 282 Fairmount Ave., Jamestown, N.J. 14701, sent this info and some fine photos. He says all but two SW-9's were repainted prior to Feb. 7th.

Jim reports also that the 14-mile Lake Erie, Franklin & Clarion has acquired its fourth unit, EMD MP-15DC No. 26. She's black with yellow lettering and pilot stripes. LEF&C hauls coal, running its units nose-to-nose with cabs on each end. It connects with Conrail at Summerville, Pa.

CHESSIE SYSTEM was perhaps hardest hit by the coal strike. John Kunis of Cumberland, Md., sees results of this on the dead lines in Cumberland. He counted 71 units on the storage tracks in mid-February. Chessie employes told him that 267 units were idled system-wide by the strike. Most of the units in Cumberland are GP-9's and Western Maryland F-7's, but 41 units of various models came in from Chicago where they froze and had to be sent through Cumberland Shops. Some 70,000 Chessie hoppers were thrown out of work, also. However, John reported seeing a train eastbound with 80 brand new coal hoppers loaded with corn (tarped).

Rumors still abound concering Chessie new power orders. John Kunis says 25 new GP-40-2's and ten B-30-7's from GE (might be B-30-8's now) have been ordered. Jack Kraus, 514 Charlotte Dr., Pittsburgh, Pa. 15236, hears that 100 units will be ordered. Jack was in Cumberland last February and found 22 Western Maryland F-7A's and B's stored with stacks capped.

Also stored in Cumberland at that time were WM Alco RS-3's 186, 189, 195, and 198. The 186 and 189 were used on the new Gettysburg Railroad. B&O Alco S-2 9060 and S-4's 9005 and 9088 also there, plus C&O SW-9 5089 and B&O SW-1 8416 and SW-900 9408 and NW-2 9540. John Kunis hears that Southern Pacific will lease 30 Chessie units, including some Western Maryland F-7's, Baltimore & Ohio GP-9's, and GP-30's. Western Maryland BL-2 81 was in Cumberland for repairs; her first trip away from Hagerstown yard in many years. Also, Canton Railroad Alco 43 was sighted westbound in a B&O freight, dead in transit.

CONRAIL, also hit hard by the lack of coal, had a particularly bad winter, especially in the Northeast. Activity was still heavy in the Cleveland area as reported by Al Shade. In mid-February he saw 18 trains and 46 units pass Orrville Tower and 17 moves with 45 units at Collinwood. All units were lettered either PC or Conrail, no leasers, the only "foreign" units being the Detroit Edison 011 and 012 at Collinwood Terminal.

One stranger was old ex-New York Central RS-11 7607, rarely seen in the Cleveland area, in for shopping. Trailer Van train TV-18, up from Cincinnati, arrived with two FP-7A's and an L&N caboose. Al heard a rumor that Conrail would get 200 more units this year, financed by J.P. Morgan and General Electric, we assume they will be GE units. The Cleveland Electric Illuminating units sat idle at Collinwood during the coal strike.

JERRY ROSENFELD was in Bethlehem, Pa., a while ago and reports three trains with a variety of units, including C-425 2426 in blue, SD-40 6272, SW-8's, 8676, 8687 and 8665, one in LV paint and two in CR blue, and L&HR C-420 2074, GP-40 3148, U-23B 2772, and dead-in-train SW-900 8657, which was LV 130. This action was on the ex-Reading line. On the CNJ/L&NE side, Jerry saw a pair of ex-LV RS-11's; low-nose 7610 and rebuilt RS-11M 7648.

ACCORDING to Mark Sublette, P.O. Box 3215, University Station, Clemson, S.C. 29632, Southern had a bad wreck at Westminster, S.C., when 26 cars of northbound 118 derailed, caused by a broken wheel on the 17th car of a 78-car consist. More than five switches and a long section of track were torn up, but the train had passed the business district of Westminster. Big hooks came from Inman Yard in Atlanta and Hayne Shops in Spartanburg, S.C.

The wreck occurred at 5:25 a.m. on Feb. 11th and the line was reopened to traffic at 10:00 p.m. the same day. The southbound *Southern Crescent* (Train 1), was the first train over the new track. Another interesting train to use the shoo-fly was the Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus Special. She was carded as Extra 2633 North and consisted of GP-30 2633, GP-38-2 5012, GP-35 2682, and 40 cars, passenger and freight types, enroute to Asheville, N.C.

A ticklish operation was performed in the removal of ACSX 65507 tank, which was an Allied Chemical car loaded with chlorine, the same chemical that killed 8 people a week later in Youngstown, Florida. The Southern estimated the cost of cleanup at $300,000.

CHARLES HUNTER, 1701 Bluebonnett St., Denison, Texas 75020, caught ATSF 8000, a U-30CG, built for passenger service, hauling freight in Fort Worth. Last January Gainesville, Texas, had Santa Fe F-3B's and F-7B's working freights there. In Fort Worth, the Fort Worth & Denver had none of their units in town, but there were four Colorado & Southern units, including SD-7 818 and SD-45 870, and three SP units, 6607, 7936, and 8456.

In Denison, C&NW units were coming on MKT run-through trains. MKT had very few units left in the red paint, but early this year these red locos were seen in Denison: Nos. 91, 100, 104, 106, 121, 173, 176, and 181. MKT's Bicentennial 200 is now painted green.

Frisco's new B-30-7's have been showing up in Sherman, Texas, including 864 and 870. Frisco has 8 units numbered 863-870. SP has been using Alco power in the Houston area for locals, switching, etc. RS-11 2932 was seen there switching the grain-loading district. SP had two B&O GP-40's and L&N GP-40 3022 in Denison.

SHORT NOTES: Budd Co. unveiled a successor to the RDC—a new self-propelled car called the "SPV-2000," a self-propelled vehicle which is expected to last at least until the year 2000. A demonstrator hit 82 mph between Washington, D.C., and Bowie, Md. Power is General Motors diesel, same plant as on GMC's Astro 95 highway tractors. Cost of SPV-2000 is about $750,000 per unit. Budd thinks it will sell 350 cars world-wide in the next 20 years.

Westinghouse Electric's Bicentennial switcher 76 is an EMD SW-900, says Bill Plack of Pittsburgh. As mentioned previously, she works the East Pittsburgh plant. Bill needs help on a new reporting mark seen on an ex-PC green boxcar: LASB.

Those ex-Reading FP-7's used on commuters under a SEPTA contract are being repainted to SEPTA colors; red, white, and blue. According to Howard Bender, 49 Garlor Dr., Havertown, Pa. 19083, one car was so painted at the time he wrote. Jerry Rosenfeld reports FP-7 4371 painted. Train leaves Bethlehem for Philadelphia Mon-Fri at 10:30 a.m. and is run as a Push-Pull consist, with FP-7 at each end.

CN's Turbos, which went into operation in 1973, now have more than a million miles on them. These are the sets designed by Sikorsky Aircraft and built by MLW-Worthington. One set has the Canadian speed record: 140.6 mph on a special run between Montreal and Toronto in April, 1977.

BOTH H.W. Verseput, 1927 Winchell Ave., Kalamazoo, Mich. 49008, and Thomas Eckhardt, 333 E. 34th St., New York City 10016, commented on the Ontario Northland's TEE trains. The missing power unit and train-set, Swiss National Ram 501 and train were wrecked at Aitrang in Bavaria on 2/9/71. The train was scrapped, the power unit repaired in the Netherlands. It served as backup power for a short while, but was scrapped at year's end in 1971, having covered 1,800,000 miles.

Tom Eckhardt, a native of Zurich, watched these trains pass his home for years. He says the official reason given for the wreck was high speed, but German Federal Rys. disputed this. One factor complicating the disaster was that the train was being pushed by the rear power unit, which kept coming through the derailed cars. This may be one reason why Ontario Northland wants the power unit at the head end at all times.

Superchargers

AT THE END of 1959, EMD delivered its first stock GP-20, Western Pacific 2001. This locomotive was largely the result of Union Pacific's insistence on more speed than the 567 engine could deliver. Normally aspired 567's were at their power peak, so UP simply tried what other builders had done for years: supercharging.

EMD was reluctant to use superchargers, but UP's tests with stock GP-9's proved very successful. In 1955 UP had installed AiResearch and Elliot superchargers on nineteen GP-9's. In 1959, EMD brought out its own supercharger, and experimentally applied it to nine Union Pacific GP-9's; 300, 301, 305, 311, 313, and 320 A units and 300B, 301B, and 308B cabless boosters. UP removed the AiResearch and Elliott chargers from fifteen FP-9's and re-equipped the other four with EMD chargers. GP-9's converted by EMD and the nineteen UP experimentals are known as "Omaha GP-20's" and are not included with totals of stock GP-20's built.

The success of the UP experiments gave birth to the big SD-24 in early 1959; EMD's first turbocharged unit in the catalog. Companion model in a 4-axle version was the GP-20, which was produced to fill a need on Western roads for more speed, not more horsepower. Consequently, almost all GP-20's were sold out West.

GP-20 is rated at 2000 hp, carries a 16-cylindered 567D2 prime mover, turbocharged. The styling is almost a copy of the GP-7/9/18 line, with exceptions of added side louvres to feed the supercharger, 36"-roof exhaust fan, and the single, oblong turbocharger stack. Most of the 260 stock GP-20's were built with a low-nose profile, but 36 units for Great Northern and the ten for Western Pacific carry the then-standard high nose.

These early low-noses (1959 was the first year for stock low-noses, introduced on the SD-24) were noticeably sloped forward and were longer than the GP-30/35/40 noses that came later. New York Central, the only Eastern buyer, did not need dynamic brakes ("Water Level Route," remember?), so the 15 units that NYC bought lack the side blisters at the roofline.

The production run lasted from 1959 to 1962. Only seven roads bought the GP-20: ATSF took 75, CB&Q bought 36, Great Northern had 36, NYC had 15, Cotton Belt (SP) got 20, SP proper had 38, Union Pacific bought 30 and Western Pacific had 10. Today, CB&Q's 36 and GN's 36 wear Burlington Northern green, but the GN units are easy to spot because they are high-nosed.

New York Central units became PC, then Conrail, and they are not even GP-20's now. They lost their turbochargers and are rated at 1800 hp, normal

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New York Central units became PC, then Conrail, and they are not even GP-20's now. They lost their turbochargers and are rated at 1800 hp, normally aspirated. Paper air-filter boxes and standard stacks may be seen on the roof. Two, NYC 6106 and 6109, were scrapped before Penn Central and rebuilding. The rest are running as Conrail 2100's. SP's 4084-4087 were originally demonstrators 5625-5628.

The GP-20 was a successful locomotive and represents a key pivotal model in the EMD story. Sales were low, due to the untried turbocharger and the low cash on hand after the 1958 recession. EMD was undaunted, however, and they followed the GP-20 with the incomparable and extremely popular GP-30.

CONTINUE SENDING diesel news to Jim Edmonston, 821 Clearfield Lane, Cincinnati Ohio 45240. I'm sorry to have missed out on May *Railroad*, due to no fault of mine. ●

JAMES PLOMER, Interesting Railfan 185 *(May '78 issue)*

Jim Plomer, a director of Railway & Locomotive Historical Society from Milford, Ont., Canada, in this 1955 cameo with James Jr., age 4, daughter, Billie, 8, and wife, Frances.

No. 185 left Navy in '60.

Silver-haired Canadian railroad historian James Plomer with Frances, black dog, Ringo, and cat, Ginger, at home The Birches last summer.

Frances Plomer in 1954.

The first U.S. loco he saw was Baltimore Terminal 0-6-0 in 1927.

In 1925 when Jim was 14, he took this photo showing locomotive switching docks in Durban, S.A.

James Plomer, The Birches, R.R. 2, Milford, Ont., Canada KOK 2PO

On a recent visit to South Africa, Jim Plomer, riding the Capetown to Port Elizabeth train, caught this shot from the train window showing Garratt 4-8-2+2-8-4 pushing on the rear end through scenic mountain territory. The Garratt was using 200 lbs. boiler pressure to turn her 54" drivers.

PHOTOGRAPHS of the MONTH

You might call this "Beauty and the Beast," the former being Miss Georgia Beckerman, who is both a railfan and Kansas U. student, and the latter being an idle Santa Fe flatcar at Lawrence, Kansas.

Fred R. Whitehead, Jr., 2720 Bonanza St., Lawrence, Kansas 66044

D.J. Fowler, 10 Granville Rd., Blackwood, Yorkshire, England

Typical branch-line scene in Yorkshire, England, in the 1940s and 1950s on the Keighley & Worth Valley Light Ry. is recreated at Keighley as 2-6-2 tank No. 41241, built in 1949 tackles curve.

Quartet of Milwaukee Road locomotives under a wintry sky at Janesville, Wisc., on March 4, 1978. Condition of the line's engines were good despite bad financial plight of the railroad.

Paul A. Miller, Rte. 2, Milton, Wisc. 53563

Adolf Hungry Wolf, Box 844, Invermere, B.C., Canada

Operator at Hobart Jct. Tower, in E. Los Angeles, on a hot summer morning passing down orders to conductor of Union Pacific's Pedro local headed for the harbor, as taken by off-duty UP fireman.

New Haven EP-3 class electric motor No. 357 shown leaving Stamford, Conn., depot in early 1950s.
Photograph by James F. McMahon

This was the aftermath of a bad wreck on the Grand Trunk Railway in Canada many years ago. Can anyone supply us with any details and area?

Southern Railway Finley shops at Birmingham, Ala., showing the 4017 2-8-8-2 Mallet compound partly dismantled on September 19, 1938.

Photograph by Walter H. Thrall, Jr.

Ronald Norman adjusts feed settings of lubricator on Texas & Pacific 610 during Heart of Dixie R.R. Club Birmingham-to-Chattanooga fantrip station stop on July 9, 1977.

Fred Clark, Jr., 312 Mariva Ave., Clearwater, Fla. 33515

Southern Pacific's SD 39 locomotives are used as helpers on famed Tehachapi Loop nearby. It's July 29, 1977, the scene is hot desert town of Mojavi, Calif., and train-watcher is Patti Corbitt from Santa Barbara.

William J. Morgan, P.O. Box 6469, Oxnard, Calif. 93031

THE GIRL IN THE CANYON

An E.S. Dellinger Classic

THE LONG FREIGHT would up Rattlesnake Mountain, high in the Canadian Rockies, and went in the siding at Silver Cliff to meet No. 8 and let No. 1 by. Having inspected their train as good brakemen should, "Gyp" Scott and Terry O'Brien went over the top, entered the caboose cupola through the side window, fished paper bags from leather grips, and began a midnight lunch of ham on rye, home-baked ginger cookies, wedges of apple pie, and thermos bottles of lukewarm coffee.

Red-headed and still in his early twenties, Terry had been born in Manitoba and reared in Arkansas. Gypsy Scott, black-haired and dark-complexioned, was a native of the Ozark Hills. Ever since the night four years ago when he had pulled Terry out of the burning wreck of an oil drag, down below Muskogee, they had been booming together. This fall Terry had persuaded his pal to come north and help run the trains of the Dominion. They were making their first trip.

While they were eating, conductor Graham entered from the rear, made notes on a delay sheet, and came to join them. Swinging into the seat opposite Gyp, he handed over a single sheet of tissue with its clearance.

"We're following Number One down the hill," he told Terry. "She'll be by in forty minutes."

"O.K.," breezed Terry. "We'll feed the face an' be over at the head, ready to open the gate."

Gyp, who worked the rear, unfolded and read the order: "Extra 5206 East has right over Number 43, Eng. 5374. Devil's Gateway to Loup Garou."

"Loup Garou!" mused the black-haired young brakeman. "Werewolf, huh? Helluva name for a railroad station."

Old Bill Graham did not look up. He tamped a load in his short-stemmed pipe and lighted it and said, "The tunnel ahead of us comes into a canyon of the same name."

Terry finished his lunch and ambled up the head end. Shortly before midnight No. 1 passed and then No. 43 followed her out.

As soon as they emerged from the tunnel, Gyp and Terry hit the tops, setting air-retaining valves so the engineer could hold the heavy train on the 25-mile grade into Devil's Gateway. By the time they met, a half-mile of the canyon was behind them. In the soft light of the waning full moon, they peered about.

Loup Garou was a box canyon. Its level floor, a scant quarter-mile wide, was covered with gigantic spruce trees and underbrush. Walls of gray granite rose sheer for a thousand feet. The canyon ended abruptly at the east, as if some legendary giant had cut through the mountain with a scroll saw.

"Sure would be a spooky spot to go flaggin' at one a.m.," Terry grinned.

Gyp shrugged. A mile rolled backward under scorching wheels. Brakes groaned and muttered. Boxcars bucked and jostled. The two buddies stood side by side watching the sinister-looking gash of the Loup Garou unwind.

THE WHISTLE sounded two short blasts in answer to a signal. They listened. Echoes bounded back and forth like gunshot in a lonely vacant cabin. Before they died away the whistle sounded again. This time a long blast, followed by three short ones—telling Gyp Scott to go back into the canyon and protect

the rear end of the train.

Gyp trotted back over the train to get his lantern and fusees, and a moment later disappeared around the curve. Terry went to the engine. As he slid into the cab a uniformed passenger flagman from No. 1 was talking seriously to the engineer.

"What's the matter, pard?" Terry asked.

"I don't know, buddy," the flagman replied. "Hogger kicked on the air an' we stopped just around the curve."

Engineer Mike Mulcahey pulled No. 43 down against the rear of No. 1. Terry and Mike went with the flagman to the last coach of the passenger train. While they were waiting, No. 1's conductor came back and Mike Mulcahey asked if anything was wrong.

"Gaston keeled over," the skipper announced in a low tone.

"Gaston!" cried the flagman. "You don't mean he's—

"Dead," finished the conductor. "Fireman said he was sittin' up straight as a string. A minute later the air went on. He stepped over to see what was wrong, and Bert Gaston had gone to glory."

"Well, if that don't beat hell!" muttered Mike. "They say this damned place is haunted."

When white men had first come to that part of the wilderness, it was ruled by a pack of timber wolves. Trappers had ventured into it—and had not gone out. Other trappers built up legends. Superstitious Frenchmen believed the pack was led by a "werewolf"—a *loup garou.* The trappers had named the canyon—and shunned it.

Then the English came. They explored the canyon and built the railroad through it. Both during and since construction, things had happened. Copious records kept by them showed, of course, natural cause for every catastrophe which had occurred. The fact that the ever-lessening pack of wolves returned for a few days to the dismal reaches of the canyon was due to the habits of the beasts themselves, hunting the decreasing game supply.

Discussing his history, the flagman shrugged as though he were a bit skeptical, and volunteered the information that over at the rooming house in Devil's Gateway was an old breed trapper, a French-Canadian who had lived for a hundred years within sight of the snow peaks hanging over it. This old man, so the flagman said, had explained it all in one brief sentence.

"C'est le Loup Garou!"

Terry looked at the flagman, rasped out one word.

"Bunk!"

Finally Mike Mulcahey took charge of the passenger engine. Terry fired the freight and the fireman ran it. They went on in.

ON THIS same morning, shortly after Bert Gaston had died suddenly and mysteriously, his niece Marie Gaston began figuring in the lives of the two boomers.

Ever since they had been drifting together, Gyp had dolled up, ridden the caboose and kept an eye on the women. He was sensuously a ladies' man. Terry had worn rough clothes, had worked the head end, and had taken the raps. Feeling that he owed his life to his handsome partner, Terry had been looking after Gyp as best he could.

On this red-leafed September morning they drifted down into Loup Garou. It consisted of a lone telegraph office, a passing track, and a house 200 yards away where the operator lived.

As they rounded the curve, the fireman called across the cab: "Hi, git that order over there, will yuh?"

Now, Terry had grabbed thousands of orders from an engine step. He had often boasted that in six years of braking he had never missed a hoop.

This morning, whether it was the pretty face which peered fearfully up at the gigantic engine or the graceful curves of her small lithe figure, Terry was not able to determine. Whatever the cause, he got his emotions tangled up in a fleeting glimpse of face and curves and never could get them back on the order hoop.

He missed the hoop as a bungling student would. He yelled at the fireman. The fireman applied the rest of his air. Terry leaped off on both feet, but took a spill, and went back for the order.

It was then that he met the tantalizing little operator, niece of the late engineer Gaston. She was, he admitted later to himself, a bit voluptuous. There was no doubt about her sex. Big breasts pushing out her orange-colored blouse, slender tapered legs that almost seemed to be dancing when she moved about, and a well-rounded and creviced behind that any man would have looked at more than once. But it was her face, mostly, that held Terry O'Brien spellbound. Wide blue French-Canadian eyes, Cupid's-bow lips, and a perfect little nose, slightly turned up, crowned by a dazzling array of shimmering gold hair.

She came down to the platform to greet the young brakeman. "You put on a good show," she said with a smile.

Terry glared at the girl. "I just missed a 19 order, that's all."

"I wish you'd do it again," she teased. "We don't have too much fun or companionship here in the wilderness."

Terry did not reply. He turned on his heel and stalked away. He was mad at the girl, and yet his heart was strangely beating faster.

AGAIN Gyp and Terry were riding on No. 43. Again their drag was dropping down the narrow slit of the mystery-ridden Loup Garou. On both sides, gray granite cliffs towered toward the stars, and beyond the cliffs rugged peaks glistened white in the dull glow of the waning harvest moon.

One long blast from the engine on the midnight air proclaimed that the train had passed a whistling post; and a second later, a short, sharp toot informed the men that the engineer remembered a meeting point at the

lonely station in the haunted canyon.

Even before the whistle sounded, young Terry O'Brien was hopping nimbly over frosty car tops, going forward to open the switch so Mike Mulcahey could get the train into the clear without stopping No. 6, which was due shortly from the west. Matt was whistling gaily when Terry leaped the tank and slid down the coal into the deck.

"It's time ye was gittin' here," roared the good-natured engineer. "I thought it was meself would have to get out an'—"

"Keep yer shirt on," yelled Terry back. "Any time your head brakeman's Terry O'Brien, you can figure—"

He did not finish his sentence. Already the green glow of the light at the passing track switch was showing on the short tangent. Terry crawled over the running board, slipped across the steel platform of the 5223, and stood on the four-inch plate which runs along the nose of the pilot.

The switchlight swam toward him through the narrow lane in the tall ranks of Alaskan spruce. Among the moss-laden trunks the headlight played on flitting shadows, like the ghosts of dead things. When the green light was fifty yards away he left the step, sprinted to the switch, unlocked it, threw it for the passing track and signaled ahead.

As the engine swerved in past him, he swung himself deftly on the four-inch ledge. He did not let the train run by as he often did. In the first place, No. 6 was due within ten minutes; and when a passenger train is that close, a good brakeman stays near the head end so he can do a job of flagging. Besides, Terry remembered certain things had happened around Loup Garou.

That was one reason why he caught the pilot. The other reason was a secret hope that the operator with plump breasts and a bewitching smile was still on duty at the telegraph office on the curve.

EAGERLY he peered into the darkness as the engine rounded the bend. The order board was green. There was a white light wiggling on the platform beneath it. Terry's pulse quickened.

The engine passed the station. Terry swung off the pilot step under pretense of watching the train run by, but he did not watch long. He crossed the main track toward the wiggling white lantern. In the glow of the light from the bay window he caught the sight of a green tam-o'-shanter and beneath it the unmistakable flash of smiling teeth. He sauntered nearer the light.

"Good morning, op!" he breezed.

"Good morning, brakie!"

The answer came in a husky musical voice, the kind he had associated with her ultra-feminine face and figure.

"How's tricks?" he asked stupidly, not thinking of anything bright to say.

"O.K., I reckon!"

The cars were rattling by. Terry looked at the breasts again. When nearly half the train had gone, his keen nostrils detected a taint in the pure mountain air. An instant later his ear picked up a sound. There was no mistaking either noise or odor. A few cars back from the middle of the train was a hot journal box. It was squealing for grease.

Terry smothered a vicious "damn!" The girl looked quickly around.

"Did you say something?"

"I said our train has a hotbox," Terry snapped.

As if suddenly remembering that she should report to a dispatcher the arrival of a freight train, the young operator started into her office. Terry glanced after her. A gentle hand was adjusting her green tam. Glimpsing hand and tam, Terry was tempted to follow her in, and let Gyp look after the overheated journal.

But instead of following the impulse, he grabbed the reeking car as it passed and rode it down to clear. All the way, occasional spurts of flame burst from the smoking journal, and continual bursts of profanity from the lips of the brakeman. When the train stopped he lifted the lid of the journal box. Flame shot out. The packing was on fire.

Terry slammed down the lid and started back to the caboose. As he came in sight of the office a white light detached itself from the string of boxcars, crossed the platform, and disappeared inside.

TERRY'S LIPS tightened. Gyp Scott had always boasted that once he had his foot in the door of a woman's affections, there was no resisting his advance. He even boasted about the women he'd slept with. Terry had never questioned it. Until now he had never given a damn. He himself was a male virgin.

His step quickened. He fairly ran to the office and flung open the door. Gyp was already perched on the instrument table, his leg dangling and his handsome face familiarly near the girl's. Terry stopped. Gyp fingered a green silk tie on his black sateen shirt, flecked dust from a brown kid shoe. He winked at Terry. More than once, his loyal friend had seen that wink. But now, for the first time in four years, Terry felt a surge of jealous rage rising against his partner.

"We've got a hot one over here, Gyp," he said as coolly as he could. "We've got to put in a brass."

"That's too bad, kid," Gyp breathed. "Suppose you run on back to the crummy and fetch over the outfit. Maybe I'll come out an' help you to brass it. Right now—"

Terry glowered. Gyp smirked. Terry glanced at the pert little operator. She did not even look at him. With a snarl, Terry strode from the office.

The waycar rocked and swayed with the violence of his entry. Old Bill Graham, veteran Canadian conductor, looked up in surprise.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"We've got a hotbox," mum-

bled Terry. "We have to brass it."

Working furiously, Terry got together the two-man load. He put the packing hook and tool into the dope pail. He slammed a ten-inch brass into the dope beside them. Then he yanked out a screw-jack, an iron bar, and an oak block. Finally he filled the water pail at the caboose barrel.

All the while the old Scotch-Canadian skipper was watching him. As Terry began collecting into two hands the load for four, Bill sauntered up behind.

"May I ask where the black-haired blighter is?" he queried.

"If you mean my partner, he's over there," Terry said belligerently.

The old man stuffed a slim train book into a jumper pocket, took the water pail and the jack block away from Terry, and followed him out of the car. As they approached the smoking hotbox, Gyp Scott came out of the office. He was whistling. The conductor glanced curiously at Gyp and then at Terry.

No. 6 ran. The two brakeman brassed the journal. When they had finished, Terry's little flare had left him. He was whistling and joking, but all the while he was thinking of the little blonde with big breasts and wistful blue eyes in the lonely station. Old Bill Graham came back before they finished. He eyed the two brakemen again, but didn't say a word.

BILL GRAHAM'S caboose was equipped like a cafe car. Terry was a first-class chef as well as a brakeman, so they cooked and ate their meals on the car when they were in Devil's Gateway. That is, Terry cooked and Gyp and Bill ate.

Old Bill didn't say a word that morning, either while Terry was frying the ham and eggs or during the breakfast. Terry was not surprised, for the conductor was a laconic man.

Terry didn't talk much himself. He kept thinking about seductive eyes and a green tam and a mass of golden curls. Terry felt strange. Something had come over him which he had never known before.

Gyp Scott, in his usual way, discussed the little blonde lightning slinger down on the ghost-walk, wondered if she didn't get lonesome all by herself, reckoned she'd like to see some he-men come by now and then to serve as protectors, not to mention bedfellows.

Gyp didn't see the look of fury which swept over the usually smiling face of his partner. Neither of them noticed the hard glint which came into the gray eyes of the old conductor, who in utter silence took it all in.

When he had finished eating, Old Bill shoved back the cracker-box on which he sat, fished out the short-stemmed pipe, loaded it leisurely, and lighted it.

"There's something I should tell you boys," he said slowly, looking first at Terry, then at Gyp.

"Out with it, major," Gyp said carelessly.

Removing the pipe, Bill pointed the stem at his rear brakeman. "Maybe you should know," he said, "that if you want to be happy and popular on this railroad, you'd better watch your step down around Loup Garou."

He arose abruptly and walked to the desk. Terry grinned broadly.

"You mean the canyon ghost?" he queried.

"I mean Marie Gaston." Bill fixed his eyes on Gyp, not at Terry.

"Marie Gaston?"

"Yes, Marie Gaston, the operator at the Loup."

"Oh! oh!" Gyp breathed the exclamation, arching his brows as he looked at the conductor. "Relative of yours, is she, general?"

The old man flushed. "Not exactly. She's Ranse Gaston's kid."

"Don't believe I know Ranse," Gyp replied.

"You don't. He disappeared before your time."

"Disappeared?" Gyp smirked at Terry, who was not grinning.

"Yes." The old conductor sat down on the old crackerbox and hitched it back to the table.

"Sounds like another ghost story," laughed Gyp. "Is it?"

"No!" Old Bill snapped. "It's part of the same one."

GYP FLIPPED a fag into the coal hod and fished out another cigarette. The short-stemmed pipe was dead, but Bill did not relight it. He stretched both arms across the table in front of him, playing with the piece of wood. His eyes took on a far-away look.

"I ran a work train on this job during construction," he began softly. "Old Ranse Gaston—Marie's grandfather—had the job on the big trestle, the one three miles below Loup Garou. His camp was in the spruce grove below the trestle. We heard lots of talk about the ghosts in the canyon. Old Ranse scoffed at them. So did all of us, for that matter. We never believed the stuff. Young Ranse had his wife with him. Marie was born down there in the construction camp."

"That so?" Gyp interrupted.

"Yes. Three days after she was born, we buried Mrs. Gaston under the cliff edge. That was in February. Young Ranse almost went wild. A few days later, Old Ranse was working over the gorge. His foot slipped off an icy timber."

The conductor paused, looked from the window.

"Three hundred feet is a hell-uva long drop," he added solemnly, "and Old Ranse had no wings."

Gyp was still smiling, but somehow the smile had lost its meaning.

"After the road was built," Bill continued, "Young Ranse took a job braking. Seemed like he could never bring hisself to leave this canyon, where everything he'd had except the kid was buried. He brought her grandparents down and settled them at the mouth of the canyon.

"Thirteen years ago this fall, Ranse took the job working rear end for me. He wasn't worth a

damn as a brakeman. Never was, but—well, we knew he had the kid to look after. You know? Well, one night in February, the seventeenth, I remember, we got a car off the track going down the canyon. There was a lumber train following us. Ranse went back flagging . . ."

"Did he—" Terry interrupted in an awed tone.

"He never came back. Hogger on the lumber train said he hit one torpedo in the middle of the long trestle. He stopped. We went back to find Ranse. We found the handle of a pocket-knife on a bridge timber. The blade was broken out of it. There was a few drops of blood on the snow. They led straight toward the grave under the cliff. We never found Ranse."

"Timber wolves?" queried Gyp.

The old man shook his head.

"Wolves don't eat bones and clothing. No, it couldn't have been wolves. Brass collars figgered that maybe Ranse had jumped off into the gorge. Sixty feet of snow in it. Not a chance to find him, until spring. And there was a big landslide that winter."

Terry would have asked other questions. Gyp uttered a laugh which had no mirth in it.

"I didn't aim to tell you boys this tale," Old Bill concluded. "What I started out to say is that the girl at the Loup is Ranse Gaston's kid. Fate put her here in this damned hole to issue train orders. She's young and she's got a helluva lot of friends on this division."

Old Bill buttoned the coat and went out. Gyp stayed in the crummy and played solitaire. Terry washed the dishes. All the while he kept thinking of the girl with big breasts and a teasing smile.

AT THE END of the next trip Gyp Scott laid off with a sprained ankle. Terry was entitled to work the rear in his stead, but he did not want to. Always he had followed the engine. He did not feel at home around a caboose. Besides, he did not like Bill Graham. He resented what the old man had said about Marie.

Consequently, when he came to work that night he sent the extra man to the caboose, and he went to the roundhouse for the engine. Both the conductor and the head brakeman were there when he coupled on. Old Bill took the short-stemmed pipe from a thin mouth and pointed it at Terry.

"I want you to work the rear tonight, O'Brien," he said shortly.

a "Yeah? I'd rather—"

"I don't give a damn what you'd rather! I want you on the rear."

Terry coupled the air and went to the caboose. Before the eventful night was done he was glad he had. All the way to Sleepy Valley the conductor smoked in the cupola while Terry sat there and whistled. They did not exchange a dozen words on the hundred miles.

The return trip began in the same manner. It was 2:40 a.m. when they emerged from the tunnel. Terry turned up his retainers and went back halfway to the caboose. They dropped slowly down the long hill. When they came in sight of Loup Garou he went to the left side of the train and sat on a boxcar roof.

The order board was green. The light in the office was burning. Marie Gaston was out with her lantern.

Terry lifted his lamp and yelled: "Hello, kid!"

She wagged her own lantern and called back.

Terry grinned, and a genial glow thrilled his being. Immediately he began thinking that if he ever got a chance to make love to that girl in the haunted canyon of the Loup, Old Bill Graham's warning would not have much effect.

The freight rolled on down the hill, brakes growling, flanges squealing. Soon it went over the high trestle, where the track crossed from the canyon's north side. This was the trestle built of many lengths of heavy timbers, intricately woven together, and was more than 200 feet high. As they ran off it Terry felt a sudden shock which told him that the engineer had set the brakes.

A moment later the whistle sounded—a long blast and three short ones—calling out a flagman from the rear. Terry hurried to the caboose to get his flagging equipment. He met Graham on the caboose platform.

"Have you a gun?" the old conductor asked.

"Hell, no! What use does a brakeman have for a gun?"

"You'd better get one, my friend, if you aim to work this job."

"Bunk!" Terry snorted.

Old Bill went toward the engine. Terry strolled back up the track.

WHILE he was walking he whistled; and while he whistled he kept wishing for an excuse to go back into Loup Garou.

"Damn shame this couldn't have happened three miles up the hill!" he grumbled. "If it had—"

He peered into the ominous black shadows among the trees. The shadows seemed to be moving. The canyon was lonely. Voices were whispering, and the whisper echoed through the depths. Terry told himself it was the wind among the trees. What else could it be? The place was deserted, and he was utterly alone.

At the end of twenty minutes the head brakeman came walking rapidly up the track.

"There's a coupla boulders down there in the middle of the track," he told Terry. "One of 'em's big as a house. If we'd gone ten feet further, we'd have sloughed into them. Cap said for you to flag back into the Loup an' order out the big hook."

"Back into the Loup!" Terry's incredulous heart was pounding.

"Sure. Back into the Loup."

Terry started toward the station. He whistled most of the way. He tried to figure out some things he could say to Marie Gaston. He wondered how long it would be before he could kiss the little French-Canadian girl and hold her in his arms.

The moment he came in sight of Loup Garou, he knew something was wrong there. What it was he could not at first determine. Soon he decided the order board light was not burning. That, however, was no cause for alarm. Order board lights often go out during the night.

He hurried into the office. It was empty. Marie was gone. Terry called. No one answered. In alarm, he dashed to the platform. He called again. Still no answer. He looked off through the trees, where he knew the day operator lived in a little cottage.

Then he saw something lying in the middle of the track. He strode over and picked it up. It was a skeleton frame lantern, like the one he was carrying. The guards were bent and the globe was broken. It was still warm.

Terry looked uneasily around. Then he uttered an exclamation of surprise. Twenty feet above the platform, on the narrow steel ladder going to the top of the semaphore, he could see something silhouetted against the sky. It suddenly dawned upon him that Marie Gaston had climbed the ladder to light her semaphore lamp and had not come down.

Heart pounding, he started up the ladder. The thin steel slats wobbled. The figure far up above him was jostling. He feared that his heavy step might loosen it and send it crashing to the platform.

At the top he found her. In the frantic struggle with fading consciousness she had thrust one of her two pretty legs between two rungs of the ladder, and locked her slender arms into the cold steel. Thus she was clinging precariously to the steps!

TERRY released the girl, took her under his arm like a sack of feathers, and descended to the platform. Quickly entering the door, he placed her on a long bench and knelt beside her. Marie blinked up helplessly into his grinning face. He didn't know what to do.

"What happened?" he queried.

"I went up the ladder to light the lamp. I must have fainted."

Tears were slipping out of her eyes and down over the white face. In the presence of tears Terry was helpless.

"Be careful where you faint next time, little girl," he advised. "There wasn't no feather bed at the foot of that ladder."

He sought to comfort her. More than once he'd seen Gyp comforting women when they cried. Gyp would put his arms about them. Terry tried to do that with Marie Gaston. She shoved him away, stumbled to her chair, and sat down on it.

For two or three seconds Terry looked on in pained silence. At length he went to the platform, climbed the ladder and lighted her semaphore lamp. When he came down she was waiting for him.

"I'm—I'm sorry I acted so rude," she said. "I must have been—"

"Oh, that's all right."

She looked up into his face. His strong arms fairly ached to comfort her. Instead, he led the girl into the office, had her order the wrecker, and remained with her until No. 1 came down an hour later.

Terry did not mention the occurrence to Bill Graham nor to anyone else, for that matter. But the next night, as they dragged up through the canyon, Old Bill called to him:

"Hear you happened along at the Loup last night and just barely in time, O'Brien?"

"Maybe."

Terry flushed. The old man was silent for five miles. Then he leaned over, removed the pipe, and pointed the stem at Terry.

"Marie's a good kid, O'Brien," he said slowly.

Terry merely replied, "Yeah?"

The old man squinted at him for a long time, shrugged, and climbed down to the desk.

WHILE Gypsy Scott was off the car, Terry made the most of his opportunity. When he stopped at the Loup, he went into the office. He was timid. His partner knew how to handle women, but Terry didn't.

Last trip before Gyp returned, he began making a little headway. They took siding at the Loup to meet a couple of deadhead quipment trains. Terry looked at the rear of his train hurriedly and beat the head brakeman into the office. Marie smiled sweetly. Terry sat on the table beside her, letting his leg dangle carelessly as he'd often seen Gyp do. But he felt uncomfortable.

The girl stretched out a gentle hand on the table, admiring a new wrist watch. Terry beamed. He had slept and eaten on the caboose for two weeks, and would have to do so two weeks more, to pay for that watch. He had sent it to her but, inexperienced as he was, had sent it anonymously.

"Looks like somebody's got some new jewelry," he remarked.

"Uh-huh. Isn't it cute?" She held up the watch for his inspection.

"It sure is."

Under the pretense of inspecting the watch, Terry captured the dainty feminine hand. To his immense joy, she did not take her hand away.

"Someone sent it to me from Devil's Gateway," she informed him.

"Really?"

Terry's eyes gleamed. He closed both of his big hands over the little one. The little one was not drawn away. He looked longingly at her plump breasts.

Away back at the rear, Bill Graham's light was coming forward. In just a moment now—

Marie probably saw the lantern, too. She looked up into Terry's eager face with merriment in her shining eyes.

"I'd like to know who sent it to me," she whispered.

"Don't you have any idea?" Terry opened his mouth twice before he could voice the question.

Again the blue eyes danced. "No," she said, frowning, "unless it was that handsome partner of yours."

Terry stiffened. His grin froze. Without bending his head, he looked down. The mischievous twinkle was gone from the girl's eyes.

Terry dropped her hand like a hot potato, seized his lantern and strode angrily from the office, slamming the door behind him.

"So that's the way of it, huh?" he snarled. "Thinks Gyp sent it."

Just what might have happened is not at all certain. Perhaps the budding romance would have blossomed before winter closed down, had it not been for another affair.

IT WAS NOW late October. Tinge of frost was in the air. Winter would soon be coming in dead earnest. Cold though it was, Gyp and Terry, having turned up their retainers, were sitting side by side on a boxcar, watching the scenery pass. They rolled down through the mysterious haunted Loup, crossing the trestle from which Ranse Gaston had disappeared.

Terry was thinking about Ranse and the girl whom Ranse had left behind. He had not mentioned his infatuation to Gyp. He wondered if he should. Gyp had always discussed his own love affairs with Terry, but his sensuous techniques did not appeal to Terry.

The train threaded its way through the "Needle's Eye" at the lower end of the sinister canyon and came out upon a delta built by debris from the canyon across the narrow valley of the Grande.

Groves of spruce dotted this delta, interspersed with white-stemmed poplar and birch. Under one of these spruce groves, a hundred yards or less from the track, was a little mountain ranch layout. It consisted of a log house, log stables for cows and ponies, and a lean-to for poultry.

It was the first time either of the boys had noticed the place closely in the daylight. Even now they did not know that pert little Marie Gaston lived here with her grandparents. Neither did they know that in the stable at the rear was Pinto, the spotted pony on which she rode to and from the station four miles up the canyon.

As the freight went by, trailing a squirrel plume of smoke, her grandmother was in the chicken yard, throwing corn to the flock of white Wyandottes. Gyp eyed the roughly-clad woman's figure. Terry eyed the pullets. A broad grin spread over his face.

"Look at the blond chickens, would yuh?" he said admiringly.

The train wound down the valley. Woman, house, and chickens disappeared. A moment after they had gone, Gyp turned to Terry.

"Yuh know, kid," he suggested with a gleam in his eyes, "if sometimes when we're comin' up this hill after dark you'd drop off the head end and make a sashay over to that hen roost and back, we could sure have one swell mess of fried chicken."

Terry nodded. "You said an idea. Just leave it to me."

He did not stop to reckon that the flock of chickens might mean life itself to the old couple who raised them. More than once as a youth in the hills of Arkansas he had gone possum hunting with his gang; and had wound up by helping stage a chicken roast around hickory wood fire. In his primitive philosophy, grabbing chickens from a roost, like taking watermelons from a patch, was not stealing. It was having a little fun with the neighbors.

NEXT TRIP out, the crew were called for 9:30 p.m. They had plenty of tonnage, and one helper engine for the hill. Since they cooked on the caboose, and since Terry was the chef, he often dropped back to prepare a midnight lunch on their run through the Loup Garou.

This night was cold and still, with a cloud curtain hanging low and a flurry of snow in the haunted valley.

After Old Bill had left the caboose Terry called out to Gyp: "This is the night we're going to eat fried chicken."

"Sounds good to me," Gyp answered with a grin. "You fetch a couple, an' I'll have the water hot."

Terry stuffed a flour sack into his hip pocket andwent out cheerfully to get the locomotive on.

Old Bill Graham rode the engine that night because they were going to be on short time against No. 5 at the Loup. He did not ask any questions as Terry dropped off the head end at the ranch. Brakemen often drop off the head end and let a train run up a grade by them, looking for dragging beams and sticking brakes.

As soon as the engine had gone out of sight Terry snuffed his lantern, eased over the pole fence, and hurried over to the chicken house.

The old couple were sound asleep. There was not a sound. As Terry had expected, the door was not locked. In less time than it takes to tell it he had gone inside and selected a couple of plump pullets, slipped them quietly into the flour sack, and was making his way back to the train. There was not a hitch. The caboose clanked by, going six miles an hour. Terry swung up the platform and deposited his load.

"Get 'em?" queried Gyp.

"You tell 'em!"

Terry opened the sack and Gyp peeked inside. One of the pullets chattered. Gyp chuckled.

"You fix 'em. I'll go over an' head us in at the Loup. Tonight's the big night!"

Number 5 chugged down. It stopped at the Loup. That was unusual. Passengers for Loup Garou were few and far between. Terry wondered. While he was speculating, he buthered the white pullets.

Now, if there had been any guilt in his heart, Terry O'Brien would never have brought those chickens into Old Bill Graham's caboose. In the second place, if he had felt the last bit guilty, he would have thrown out the pan of feathers before the old man came in. He did not.

As they headed out, the conductor caught the rear platform. Terry knew the moment he hit the

step that someone was with him. He had been grinning all the while, thinking about the blond chickens, and the blond girl with large breasts and slim tapering legs who within the hour would be on duty at the station.

HE STARTED when a man in a bearskin coat preceded the conductor into the caboose. Immediately he recognized the visitor as Superintendent Lawson, who often rode the freights with his men.

The official looked about the neat caboose and said with a kindly grin: "Fried chicken for supper, I'll bet."

"Yes, sir!"

Terry's freckled face flushed. But Old Bill said nothing. He looked at the flour sack which lay on the locker, at the white feathers in the aluminum dishpan. The he faced Terry.

"Where did you get those chickens, young feller?"

Terry caught his breath. It suddenly dawned upon him that some folks might not approve. He did not lie.

"Why—I—got 'em—back at the ranch house on the delta."

The old man eyed him reproachfully. Lawson turned. Terry was standing beside the table, a chicken leg in one hand, a butcher knife in the other.

"What's the trouble, Graham?" asked the superintendent.

"My brakeman here has so far forgotten himself as to steal chickens from a coop."

The conductor glowered at Terry. Then he turned from him to the rear platform to watch the train run out. A guilty flush spread over the brakeman's face. Mr. Lawson stopped squarely in front of him, rocked on the balls of his feet, and chewed the butt of a cigar. The official's countenance was serious. He seemed to be studying the culprit.

"Do you know the old folks down there, Terry?" Lawson asked.

"Nu-no, sir!" returned Terry.

"Wanna tell yuh a story, kid!"

Lawson removed the cigar and held it between thumb and second finger. With an effort, Terry brought his eyes to meet those of the official.

Briefly the super sketched the tragedy which had, in the building of the line, driven those grandparents of Marie Gaston to settle on this remote delta.

A big lump came up in Terry's throat. He had never connected Marie with the small ranch down there in the grove. And the way Mr. Lawson told the tale, stressing the life of sacrifice they had lived in order that the daughter of an unfortunate railroad couple might be clothed and fed, made Terry feel like a criminal.

A moment after the brass collar had finshed, Gypsy Scott, who had closed the passing track switch, came in. He was whistling.

"How's the feed, podner?" he wanted to know.

"O.K., I reckon," said Terry.

Gyp looked searchingly at him, but asked no questions. Terry was glad of it. When the meal was ready, Terry called the others and volunteered to watch the train while they ate. After they had finished, he himself came down. He managed to eat some gravy. The chicken he could not touch. All the way in, visions of Marie and the old couple kept flashing before him.

The superintendent did not again mention the matter. Neither did the conductor.

While he was in Devil's Gateway Terry tucked a five-dollar bill into an envelope and composed a note of apology which he planned to leave that night where he had got the chickens. Before sealing the envelope, he told Gyp about the chickens, and the old folks, and read the note to him.

Gyp took it all as a huge joke. "Don't let it git yuh down, kid. Nobody'll every miss a coupla chickens out of a flock like that."

BUT GYP was mistaken. The old grandmother knew every chicken in her flock. First thing next morning she missed the two pullets. She hurried in to tell her husband. She repeated the tale when Marie came home from work. She mentioned it again when Sergeant Walton of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police stopped in on his way to Devil's Gateway to see how the old couple were faring.

They all went out to inspect the roost. There was not a sound or plans, and that night when he returned from Devil's Gateway he hooked up a bell and a battery and wires which would help put those plans into effect.

Terry, unaware of the trap set for him, hopped off the engine while it passed the clearing. Quietly he slipped over the pole fence and opened the door of the roost. There was not a sound of movement. He could not hear the gentle buzz of the bell in Marie's bedroom. He felt around for something on which to hang the envelope.

Suddenly he heard a step, and a frightened voice quavering: "Put up your hands!"

Terry knew the sweet husky voice. There could be no mistaking it. Looking quickly around he saw the glint of starlight on steel. He did not question; he lifted his hands above his head and held them there. In one of them was crumpled the envelope.

By this time he could hear footsteps moving in the house. The kitchen door opened, and Grandma, shivering in the cold of the mountain night, was holding a lantern.

"Come in here," the telegraph operator's voice said coldly. It was steadier now. It was becoming imperative.

Terry obeyed. He moved toward the light. Marie went in, holding the gun against his ribs. He could feel it shaking. They went on into the kitchen. The stove was warm. Marie closed the door. Grandma lifted the lantern. She looked at him.

"I guess we'll keep you here tonight an' turn you over to the Mounties in the morning, sir," she said sternly.

She lifted the lantern, and its beams fell on Terry's face. Marie started back with a low cry. The

gun wavered, came slowly to her side.

"You?" she whispered incredulously. "You—why—" She stammered, choked, and burst out sobbing. "Oh, I never dreamed—" She turned to Grandma. "We—we can't do it. We—we—he's the young man who kept me from falling off the ladder."

The old woman looked again. Terry licked his lips and the grin came back to his face. He put his hands down, thrust the envelope in his pocket.

"I'm sorry, Marie," he apologized. "I'm—"

"Go 'way!" she wailed. "Go 'way and never speak to me again."

Terry backed slowly out of the door. The sound of crying followed him, falling in his ears all through the four-mile walk to the Loup Garou to catch the train which had gone off and left him. It kept echoing in his heart for weeks afterward, and every echo was a knife thrust in his soul.

IF THE STORY had leaked out, Terry O'Brien would never have been able to remain on the job. But it didn't. Trainmen do not talk; gratitude for his service to Marie sealed the lips of the old couple; and the operator herself did not speak of it.

Even so, Terry felt humiliated. He was for pulling the pin on the job and returning to the States. Gyp was not ready to go. When Terry broached the subject, there was reason why he should stay. It did not take an expert to tell what that reason was. Terry knew; so did Bill Graham. Terry did not go into Marie's office. He often went by, and always he saw Gyp sitting on the table, with a leg dangling. More than once Terry glimpsed a black head so close to a blonde head, two pairs of hands where one should be. Once he thought he saw a masculine paw on the big breasts he loved.

Always Terry could feel in his heart the soft touch of that hand in his, could remember that it had not been withdrawn. He grew glum, almost sullen. Gyp smirked and whistled. Terry, though he tried to smother the feeling, tried to blame himself rather than his partner, and felt a cold contempt growing within him.

As the winter closed in, they began hearing strange things about the haunted canyon. A fireman had seen green eyes watching at night from the timber. A brakeman, flagging the Loup Garou, had heard noises below the trestle. Another had found tracks in the snow—enormous tracks by the time the tale went the rounds.

Gyp did not comment, but he bought a .45 and kept it on his hip. Terry saw the gun, and he sneeringly asked if it was loaded with silver bullets, for an old legend said that werewolves were immune to all kinds of bullets except those made of silver. Scott flushed, but it was observed that ne never left the caboose, day or night, without his revolver.

Christmas was near. Bitter cold made railroading in the Canadian Rockies a man-sized job. Ice froze thick on running boards. Ice daggers hung from tank and engine. The track was a solid glare. Those who had been long on the job warned those who had not to move cautiously.

"Watch your step, boys!" Old Bill warned his brakemen. "Don't take chances. Especially down the Loup Garou. Men have been known to go out and not come back.

ONE NIGHT, Terry was called east shortly after midnight with a train of cattle. All the way up the grade the load seemed dragging heavily. Terry, who was riding the head engine, guessed the rear one was not steaming.

While running through the canyon, the engineer called him over. "How much tonnage we got?"

"Nineteen hundred."

"Well, we got some brakes draggin' back there, if that's all."

"Maybe I'd better drop off goin' up through the Loup, an' look 'em over."

"I hate to ask that, slick as it is out there tonight, but I'm afraid you'd better. If we don't get a let-up, we're going to stick on the upper hill."

TERRY DROPPED OFF at the lower switch at Loup Garou. Wistfully, he could see the green gleam of Marie Gaston's order board. He watched the train run by him. Near the middle of it a car was banging up and down with brakes stuck tight, and wheels running hot.

He opened the bleed-cock and ran alongside the car until the brakes released. But they quickly went on again. The hiss of escaping air was audible. Terry knew it came from a leak in the branch pipe. The only way to remedy it was to crawl under the car, cut out the air, and then release it.

Terry was no student brakeman. He knew that crawling under a railway in the ice was a ticklish job. Nevertheless, he swung in under it on the truss-rods, turned the cut-out cock, and started backing out.

The car was then even with the station. The train was picking up speed. On the platform he felt for his footing. Out of the tail of his eye he caught a gleam of another lantern. The thought shot through his mind that Marie must be watching the train run by.

His pulse quickened, and the dull ache in his heart began. He slid from under the car beside the spot where the young operator was standing.

The platform was slippery. Terry was numb with cold. His mind was certainly on the girl. His feet struck the platform, slipped from under him, sent him stumbling headlong.

He grabbed for a truss-rod, his hand grazed it, and before he knew what was happening he had plunged head down into the tracks.

Marie screamed, then ran around the curve trying to get a signal to the engineer. He could not see her. The train roared on up the grade.

Fortunately, Terry had the presence of mind to lie still. Had

he scrambled, he would surely have been cut to mince meat. He flattened himself on the track. The train dragged over him. He expected a low brake-beam from every car that passed to end his life. It was his good luck to be lying in a hollow. If the tracks had been blocked with snow as they usually were—

When the caboose came over, Marie was crying. Gyp and Old Bill had heard her, had seen her lantern waving a frantic stop sign. The instant the waycar passed, she sprang into the track and knelt down in the snow beside Terry. She grabbed his face and rubbed it with her soft gentle hands. He was not hurt, but for a moment he did not try to get up.

In that moment Gypsy Scott rushed out, jerked open the tail hose, and hit the platform. Terry began struggling to his feet, with Marie helping him. Gyp came rushing between them and helped both.

"Hurt?" he asked his partner.

"Naw," Terry said in bewilderment. "Of course not."

Gyp turned to Marie and put both of his arms about her.

"There, there," he soothed. "You see he's all right. Not a scratch."

Marie was trying to struggle loose, but Gyp held her close. Old Bill Graham came down the track.

"What in hell's goin' on here?" he demanded.

"Aw, I climbed under a car to cut out a stickin' brake, an' lost my footin' when I started out."

"Well, don't ever try that trick again. Next time, stop the train before you try to fix it."

Terry turned and strode toward the engine. Gyp was still holding Marie.

A WEEK OR TWO after New Year's Day, Gyp laid off for a trip. Terry asked no questions. But when, that night, Gyp rode with him to the haunted Loup Garou a bitter resentment gnawed at his heart. Mentally tracing back through the years, he recalled the different girls for whom Gypsy Scott had laid off.

Terry brought himself together with a start. His mind flashed to another night down below Muskogee. A wrecked oil train had been burning. They had all left him—all but Gyp. A blur came before his vision. In his mind's eye he could see Marie Gaston and Gyp Scott alone together in the remote station at Loup Garou.

That morning, Terry had a talk with Gyp. Previously it had been none of his business. It was hard to begin now. Their train waited in the siding at Silver Cliff.

"Yuh know, Gyp," Terry began haltingly, "I wish you'd lay off that girl up at the Loup."

Gyp smiled. "You mean Marie?"

"Sure."

"What's the matter—afraid the old man might—" He looked up startled, as if a thought had struck him. "You don't mean to say you're in love with her?"

Terry was not smiling. His face was lined with misery. He nodded.

"Yuh, see, Gyp, I thought maybe—I—But I was a fool, of course."

The smile left Gyp's face. "I'm sorry, kid," he soothed. "Sorry as hell! but you see she's crazy about me. She wouldn't look at another guy. Marie and I could have a lot of fun together."

Just then conductor Bill Graham shoved open the caboose door.

"We're following Number Five out, O'Brien," he announced. "She'll be due in twelve minutes."

THIS TRIP and others became history. Tales of the canyon grew in grimness and in number. The pack of timber wolves was back on its beat, weeks earlier than usual this year. Practical people merely wondered why. The superstitious groped for sinister motives. Maybe the Loup Garou was on a mission of mercy—or revenge. Maybe its leader was the soul of Ranse Gaston! Or young Ranse!

On the night of February thirteenth Graham's crew was ordered west out of Sleepy Valley on No. 43. At Silver Cliff they took siding as usual to let No. 1 by them, and followed her out of the block, with a deadhead equipment train behind them.

Old Bill and Terry O'Brien were on the grouch. They had not spoken a dozen words to Gyp nor to each other on the whole round trip. Terry's pal had spent the last four days hanging around Loup Garou. There had been ugly threats and uglier rumors. Gyp himself was in no angelic mood. For once in his life he had met resistance from a woman he was out to make—unexpected resistance.

No. 43 eased through the tunnel. Gyp helped turn up retainers. Terry did not come on back to visit with him after the last one was turned up. Instead, he went toward the engine, while Gyp went toward the caboose.

A mile above the station they ran over two torpedoes. The engineer whistled. A little farther on, a red fusee waved them down. The hoghead called for a flagman.

Gyp was already going to the caboose for his equipment. He met Bill heading for the engine. The conductor did not speak. Gyp was running, for he knew the deadhead equipment train was only ten minutes behind them. He'd have to hurry. While he was in the caboose, he examined the .45. Every chamber was loaded.

The night was raw and cold and cloudy. The gorge of the Loup Garou was a pit of blackness. Not a gleam of light came from earth or sky, save the ghastly glow of the markers.

The caboose had stopped on a sharp curve in a rock cut. A few telegraph poles away, the markers were lost to view. Gyp ran, for he knew there was no time to lose. And while he ran he kept glancing from side to side.

The black wall of the thick forest hedged him in. Two hundred yards from the caboose he heard the long-drawn howl of a lobo wolf. The howl was taken up from a dozen throats. It sounded dead ahead. Gyp quit running. He

glanced back. He was alone—alone, but with a gun, in the haunted canyon!

HALTINGLY, he moved forward; peering into the night. Nothing was visible. The howl came again, wild and weird, echoing from a thousand crags until the whole gorge was full of it.

He recalled the tales of the Loup Garou . . . the old tales and the new ones. He had never believed them. But hadn't strange things happened in this canyon? Hadn't Ranse Gaston disappeared out flagging? Out flagging just as he was tonight?

Suppose there was something to it? Suppose Ranse had come back? Gyp remembered that Ranse's daughter was down at the lonely office. He looked longingly down the canyon. He wanted to flee to the safety of the caboose. But a train was following—following close. He was not yet far enough away to protect the rear end of his own train.

Moistening his lips, he started on again, falteringly. Before he had gone a dozen steps the weird sounds came again.

Again Gyp stopped. In his left hand he held a torpedo with the straps opened. In his right he clutched the .45. The lanterns were on his elbow. Keeping his eyes fixed ahead, he stooped to fasten the torpedo to the rail.

From the forest on the left he heard a crashing, thrashing sound. He jerked his head to peer toward it. A scant twenty yards away two greenish and menacing balls of fire were gleaming close together!

His heart stopped. The balls of fire moved forward. Reflected in the light from his lantern was the flash of white—something which rose and fell. The thing moved from the forest to the middle of the right-of-way.

In Gyp's trembling grasp the .45 came up. The hammer fell with a dull click. The first shell had missed! And now, close on the left, the forest wall was studded with balls of glistening fire!

GYP TRIED to cry out. No sound came. Then, suddenly, as if the thing had been but waiting for reinforcements, it arose in air and hurtled toward him. He shrank backward, stumbled, fell beside the track and lay still. And at the moment the headlight of the train for which he had waited plowed around the curve.

The hogger struck the lone torpedo Gyp had planted. He stopped his engine nose against the tail lights of Bill Graham's caboose. Men rushed back to search for the flagman. They found him lying close beside the track. He was not dead, nor even hurt, but he was in a daze.

Serious-faced men found the gun with a lone shell which had missed fire. They carried him into the Pullman and rushed him to Devil's Gateway.

Practical men sought tracks in the canyon. They found that a deer had come into the right-of-way, had stamped about in the snow, had leaped the track and disappeared. They found that a pack of two dozen timber wolves had come to the edge of the forest, following the deer—and had slunk back into the fastness. The practical ones remembered that a swallow deer when running carries a white flag which looks "spooky in the lamp light." The practical ones chuckled. But an oldtimer muttered: *"C'est le Loup Garou!"*

FOR A COUPLE of days Gypsy Scott stayed away from the railroad and even stayed away from Marie. He told Terry in no uncertain terms that he was pulling the pin to head for warmer climes.

Terry argued with him at first, but in the end agreed. He'd make one more trip when his turn came tonight, and would quit when he got back. They'd hit the trail again. That was on February 16th, just thirteen years to a day since Ranse Gaston had disappeared.

Terry was called for a manifest. Old Bill was surprised to see him. "You back on the car, O'Brien?" the conductor queried.

"Naw," said Terry. "I'm in St. Louis," at which Old Bill grunted and went out. They took siding at Loup Garou for No. 1. Terry went into the office. Why, he could not have said. Perhaps to get one more look into the beautiful face of Marie Gaston before he left her forever. But Marie was not on duty. He casually inquired of the extra operator who had taken her place.

"She's down home, now, I believe," the latter told him. "Her grandfather's very ill. She had to lay off."

"Oh!" Terry's face fell. He went on back to his caboose.

THE NEXT NIGHT, they were called east on Nov. 43. They made the run to Loup Garou without mishap. The operator was waiting out there with a lantern. He waved. Terry waved. They went past the station at 1:40. Somewhere below, Terry saw an object moving down the trail. It looked like a horse with a rider. He wondered. Few people came into the canyon on horseback.

The train ran over the high trestle, the same trestle whence Old Ranse Gaston had plunged from an icy timber back in construction days, and where Young Ranse Gaston had left a knife with a blade broken from it.

They ran on down through the narrow lane between the Alaska spruces. They passed the delta where Ranse Gaston's wife had been laid away nineteen years ago to sleep out eternity. Terry looked out toward the spot and remembered that just beyond the screen of trees was a grave kept by Marie Gaston and her grandparents.

It was just below the grave that something happened. What it was Terry did not know at the moment. He felt the air go into the emergency and felt the jostle and jam as cars rammed down from above. He did not know that their locomotive had left the rails and that engineer Mike Mulcahey was trying to stop her before he would turn turtle into the river.

Terry listened, looked toward

the rear. Twelve cars away, he could see the green glow of amarker. While he was watching, the engine whistle broke into wailing echoes of the haunted canyon, calling out a flagman. With a shrug, Terry turned and hurried over the top. Halfway to the rear he met Old Bill Graham.

"Know what's wrong, boy?" the conductor queried.

"Not the slightest," Terry said.

Old Bill looked at his watch and fround. "I reckon you'll have to go back."

"Sure I'll go back," Terry answered. "Any reason why I shouldn't?"

"Do you have a gun?"

Terry laughed. "Never owned one in me life," he said. "My fists aren't too bad."

"Wolves have been seen in the canyon recently," the conductor broke in. "My .45's in the stationery drawer. Take the gun and keep your eyes open."

Old Bill went forward, and Terry hurried back. Slipping into the cupola through the side window, he dropped down to the floor. The caboose stove was glowing. He stretched out his hands toward the warmth. Beside the door the red light sat on the neatly scrubbed floor.

Terry looked at the wall. Four torpedoes were fastened where he had put them on leaving the terminal. He picked up the lantern, lifted two fusees from the rack overhead, slipped them spikes up, in his right hip pocket, and stepped out to the rear platform. He had not taken the gun.

MEANWHILE, DOWN at the ranch Grandpa's checkered life seemed near to its close. Marie moved softly to and fro. Since nightfall the old man had grown rapidly worse. Uneasily the two women watched, listened to the tightening cough, to the labored breathing. Ten o'clock came, and eleven.

Grandman called Marie into the kitchen. "If we only had a doctor," she said., "he might do something."

"I—I can get him," Marie whispered fearfully.

"Child, you wouldn't dare. You'd have to ride alone to Loup Garou in order to call him."

"I know, grandma, but I can do it," the girl replied. "I've ridden Pinto twice a day over that route for the last six months and more."

"But not at night."

"Pinto knows the road."

"But the wolves!"

"I'm not afraid!"

She lied bravely. During the last few weeks while she had been riding to the Loup in the early evening, the girl had been frightened within an inch of her life. She tried now to still the wild beating of her heart.

At 11:30 she went to the barn, saddled Pinto, and led him through the gate. He snorted uneasily, but Marie did not heed. She mounted and rode away.

Ever since she had been working at Loup Garou she had ridden up in the evening and down in the morning, spending part of her off hours at her grandparents' place and part with the day operator's wife at the Loup. It was a lonely five-mile ride.

The trail was narrow and had not been built for a bridle path. It crossed the chasm over the railroad bridge—the bridge on which Marie's father had disappeared. Pinto was probably the only horse ever to have crossed it, and he procceeded by carefully picking his footing over the ties.

Often friends had warned Marie that some time his foot would slip between the timbers, that a train could come down the hill and catch them upon the bridge. The girl had laughed uneasily at their warning. She thought of it tonight, as she wound up the trail through the darkenss.

Pinto shied and snorted. She followed the trail to the trestle, then stopped to listen. Far up the gorge she heard the whistle of No. 1. She waited. The train came down, headlight burning through the trees, lights gleaming from the Pullmans.

When it had gone she did not wait, for she knew no train would come from the west for a long while, nor from the east for at least ten minutes.

The ties were slippery where the water, dripping from the tanks of many engines, had frozen. Pinto moved cautiously. A misstep would send him to death, and her with him. But Pinto had crossed that bridge many times. He made it safely.

At 12:50 they arrived at Loup Garou. The girl operator sent a message to the doctor in Devil's Gateway and received an immediate reply. He would be on his way.

Marie waited by the warm stove. She learned that No. 43 would soon be by and after that nothing else till No. 5.

At 1:10 she started home. Forty-three passed her on the curve above the bridge. A feeling of uneasiness came over her. This terror was augmented when from somewhere up the canyon she heard the distant cry, as of a solitary wolf calling others to the chase. Pinto threw up his head and whinnied.

Ahead of her lay the bridge—the bridge where her grandfather had fallen to his death, where her father had gone back flagging and had left behind the handle of a broken knife.

With beating heart, she urged her mount up the grade, urged him out upon the icy structure. And behind her the terrifying cries of an eager wolf pack filled the canyon.

ELSEWHERE, as Terry swung down to the ground something halted him abruptly. It might have been the sound of a boulder catapulting from high up on the canyon wall. It might have been the thing called hunch.

He returned to the platform, sheepishly opened the door, took Old Bill's .45, hefted it, slipped into into the right pocket of his mackinaw, and put a handful of shells with it. Thus armed, he left the caboose and trudged back up the track, flagging Loup Garou. Terry was not afraid, but all the way he felt a sort of sinking sen-

sation in the pit of his stomach.

Once he heard the distant cry of a timber wolf. He stopped to listen. But only the echoed cry came from cliff to cliff and died away into silence. He crossed the delta where the side canyon emptied into the Loup.

Unconsciously he quickened his step. But he did not do a job of short flagging. He counted off the twenty telegraph poles required by rule and planted two torpedoes on the north rail.

The upper one was at the lower end of the long trestle. He looked up the canyon. Above the trestle he saw two balls of fire flash once, flash again and disappear. He looked a long while, but the eyes did not again appear. Finally he turned back down the track. At the point where the trail went into the strip of forest he stopped.

The snow was ruffled. He looked more closely. On the trail leading onto the trestle were tracks—two kinds of them. One was made by a solid hoof. He looked more closely. Often he had seen the tracks of Marie Gaston's pony going out on the bridge. These, he knew, were Pinto's tracks, and they were not many hours old. A puzzled from swept over his face.

Why had Marie Gaston gone to the Loup tonight? She was laying off. Her grandfather was ill. He recalled the moving object which he had seen on the trail as he came down.

He examined the spoor again. The other ones looked like dog tracks, many of them, as if a large number of dogs had gone up the trail. In places they had completely obliterated the tracks of the pony.

Terry returned to the end of the trestle and peered up the right-of-way. He could see nothing. The only sound which hit his ears was the low moan of wind through the spruce trees. Shifting both lanterns to his left arm, he left his right hand free to play with the .45 in his pocket. Again he wondered why Marie Gaston had gone up the gorge tonight.

TURNING, the young brakeman trudged down the trail for almost a quarter-mile. The snow which had threatened since morning was beginning, first a thin screen of fine mist, then flakes which grew larger and larger.

He stopped to plant one torpedo. Thirty minutes passed. Forty. He wondered what had gone wrong with the train, why he hadn't been called in.

Terry stamped his feet and slapped his palms together to keep up the circulation. He pulled off his right glove, unbuttoned his mackinaw and looked at the watch. It was 12:27. No. 5 would soon be due from the east. He'd be glad when it came. He listened.

And while he listened, a sound came—a wild, weird, unearthly scream which sent goose pimples crawling along his spine. It was not human. It sounded like the whinny of a horse in pain or deadly terror, and like the scream of a panther on the rampage.

After a long while, he heard the cry repeated. It was coming from up the track, from up toward the trestle. Again Terry looked longingly in the direction of the caboose. Just out of sight a pair of welcome red tail lights were gleaming. He dared not go to them. No. 5 was now past due. Before he could get to the caboose she might come roaring down the grade, strike the torpedoes, and, seeing no flag, drift into his train on the curve below.

A third time the weird cry came, before its echoes died out, a different cry mingled with it. There was no mistaking this one. It could come only from a woman. And then Terry heard the howls of a wolf pack on the run!

For many moments he had been thinking, trying to connect those cries with the track of the pinto pony in the snow. Suddenly he realized that Marie Gaston must have gone to Loup Garou and was returning. He knew that Pinto was down in the trestle.

Still holding two lanterns in the crook of his elbow, he turned and started running up that track. Again and again the wolf cry was repeated, and the woman's was louder. He wondered if she were coming toward him.

SECONDS PASSED. The snow fell in a heavier swirl. Terry came to the trestle. Out there upon it he could hear the woman's screams, the unearthly cries of the pony. All black against the falling snow, he could see a huddled heap with a pair of eyes between him and it.

The eyes started toward him. Often he had heard that wolves run from fire. But the presence of his lantern did not deter this gaunt form. It crept to meet him over the icy timbers!

Nearer, nearer, came the thing, its teeth bared! Terry's hand tightened on the pistol grip. Slowly he advanced. The wolf did not retreat.

Terry drew back the hammer, lifted the pistol. The gaunt form was crouching now, a scant dozen feet away. Just beyond it was the sad outline of the pony threshing on the trestle. Near it was crouching the pathetic figure of Marie Gaston.

He looked at her. Since she was in his line of fire, he dared not shoot. He sidestepped toward the north. The beast sidestepped with him.

Terry lifted the weapon with a hand that shook a trifle. The barrel came in line with gleaming lupine eyes. He crooked his finger, and the gun leaped and spat flame. The beast backed slowly away.

Again he raised the weapon. The thing turned broadside to him. Once more his finger crooked, and the gun leaped. Fire streamed from it. The thing uttered a startled cry, plunged toward him. Terry dodged. It went over him, snarled, kicked, and finally lay still between the rails.

There was no time to lose now. Terry whirled from the thing he had just killed to the hubbled heap of Marie Gaston upon the trestle. He set his lanterns on the timber.

He took the terrified girl in his arms, lifted her gently to her feet. Then he gazed toward the east. Balls of fire were gleaming through the darkeness!

One glance at Pinto confirmed his first theory. A nervous hoof had finally missed its step, and the pony was down with a broken leg.

"We've got to kill him," the brakeman whispered. "We can't leave him here for the wolves to eat alive."

Marie sobbed. Pinto looked up piteously at them. And while he looked, Terry lifted the .45 and mercifully placed a slug between his eyes.

THE WOLF PACK was howling like fiends from hell. The smell of blood set them wild. They surged forward over the narrow bridge.

Terry lifted the gun and emptied it. They scarcely recoiled from the flashing fire. Tremblingly he broke the gun, clipped out the empties, put loads in. All the while, Marie clung to him.

Again the pack turned loose, and the echoes of their howls filled the haunted canyon. Terry prayed that the crew might hear them and hasten to his rescue. He hoped, too, that No. 5 might flash round the curve.

He looked down at the struggling body of the pony. When the train came down the hill the engineer would never see the pinto on the trestle until it was too late to stop. Might not the pinto in its death throes derail the engine, send her into the chasm?

Eyes gleamed. Terry lifted the revolver to fire again. He selected a pair of greenish eyes and tried to hold the gun upon them. As his finger closed on the trigger Marie uttered a terrified scream.

"Look!" she cried. "Look!"

Terry turned to follow the direction of her pointing finger. Behind them not fifty feet away, the eyes were gleaming. Terry and Marie were trapped on the bridge! To front and rear there was no escape.

And then, like the flash of light in darkness, Terry realized what must have happened to Ranse Gaston. Alone in the canyon, he had been trapped upon the bridge, just as he and Ranse's daughter were tonight. With wolves on both sides he had found his knife, had sought to take toll from the rushing pack. The blade had broken. Ranse had not remained to be devoured. He had leaped.

Terry glanced down into the chasm. There the snow lay deep, and more of it was falling.

CLUTCHING the frantic girl in his arms, he cowered backward. The trap was closing in. The wall of eyes was drawing nearer. Just behind the dead body of the pony, shadowy forms surged in and back. Then the forms were wiped out and only eyes remained.

Dense black darkness came upon them. In the act of moving, of reaching for the lanterns of the tie, Terry's foot had slipped. His hand had bungled. The lanterns had turned over, had slipped and plunged downward into the depths of the canyon!

Desperately, the young brakeman lifted Old Bill Graham's revolver to fire again and again. A yelp followed the last shot.

Empty gun in hand, he turned to face the women. Her panic was gone now. With death staring them in the face, she had grown calm.

"Terry!" A feminine arm tightened about his waist.

Terry folded her more closely. His lips found hers. Her arms kept cluthing his waist. They held the mackinaw more closely. Then, as the mackinaw tightened, Terry became conscious of something hard and sharp in the small of his back. He flinched.

With a cry he freed his right arm flashed it to his hip. It came back with a long cylinder, pointed at the tip. *His red fusees!* Until now he had forgotten them.

Trembling so much that he could scarcely hold one, he fumbled with the cap. Already the beasts were devouring the unfortunate pony, and the ones to the west were creeping nearer.

He scratched the sanded surface of the cap to the phosphorus. Illumination burst upon the scene, a brilliant red, sputtering flare which made the whole bridge as light as day.

In that weird light, the gaunt lupine forms tumbled over each other, scampering for cover.

Terry followed them from the bridge. And now, up the canyon, the whistle of No. 5 was sounding like the last trumpet of judgment day. Ecstatically carrying the limp figure of Marie in his arms, he ran to meet it.

He waved the fusee. The whistle answered his signal as pinwheels of sparks shot from wheels. The Pullmans stopped, and Terry carried the unconscious little telegraph operator into the rear one.

A MONTH LATER they were married. Gypsy Scott stood up as best man. Old Bill Graham gave the bride away. It was a pretty wedding. Even Gyp said so.

Grandpa was not there. He heard about it. He fingered the broken blade of a pocket knife. It was rust-eaten and almost destroyed. For many years it had been in the body of a timber wolf.

A young fellow, skinning the beast at the bridge, had found it. The old man held the blade between his thumb and forefinger, wagged a knowing head, and to a new brakeman who had listened to his recital of the legend of the canyon he whispered: *"C'est le Loup Garou!"* ●

SNOW 22 FEET DEEP

A FIFTY-MAN CP Rail work crew, using up to 16 off-track snow-clearing machines, a heavy mobile payloader from Calgary, and much other rail equipment, battled for 5½ days last winter to return service to normal on the mainline in southeastern Saskatchewan, following the worst winter storm in history.

"The heavy snowstorm began Saturday, Feb. 4th," recalls D.G. Stewart, superintendent of the Alberta South Division. "We were able to stay ahead of it until late afternoon of Feb. 7th. In order to maintain rail service we were preceeding each train with a snowplow. On the 7th, a plow, two units, and a caboose were engulfed in a half-mile snow drift up to 14 feet deep. (Later, the depth reached 22 feet!)"

Two diesel locomotives, from a train stopped at Gull Lake, Sask., by the storm, were dispatched in an attempt to free the snow-jammed plow train. They were unsuccessful and eventually became snowbound as well. Cece Darby, assistant super on that division, who was riding the plow train at the time, carries on the story, as told in *CP Rail News:*

"When all four units got snowbound near Gull Lake, we had serious problems. The crews of the four locomotives drained all the systems—we knew they'd be out there for a while. But we were ucky. Volunteers from a Gull Lake area snowmobile club helped to transport the crews from the plow and four units back to the station, over two miles away."

Unsuccessful attempts to free the stranded rail equipment were made late that evening by a small work crew using hand shovels and some small snow-clearing equipment from Gull Lake and Maple Creek.

'We just couldn't keep ahead of the blizzard conditions," Mr. Darby recalls. "The weather continued to get worse."

LITTLE WORK could be done on the 8th, which was Wednesday. With heavy snowfall and high winds, the main track was drifted in faster than it could be cleared. In Calgary, work was underway to reroute rail traffic over northern lines—from Calgary, north to Wetaskiwin, east to Saskatoon and then south east to Winnipeg. At the same time, plans were made for a massive assault on heavy drifts blocking the mainline.

"We had to bring in all the men and machines we could muster to clear the main track," Mr. Stewart continues.

CPR officials decided to transport a rotary snow-blower unit from Revelstoke to Medicine Hat by rail. Along with it went several heavy-duty front-end loaders. All the equipment was off-loaded at Medicine Hat for transportation by highway to Gull Lake. The storm lost some of its force Thursday, Feb. 9th. By early Friday morning, two of the locomotives and the caboose were free, but wind-driven snow mixed with dirt was taking on the consistency of concrete.

"When the storm started to subside we faced drifts up to a half-mile long and 22 feet deep," recalls Mr. Darby. "As the skies cleared the temperature dropped still lower and the snow got even harder. It got so hard that we couldn't use the rotary plow. It just couldn't bite through that rock-hard snow."

Friday morning, Feb. 10th, brought more problems near Webb, about 18 miles east of Gull Lake. The eastbound snowplow struck a granite-hard drift, forcing the plow sidewise and breaking a rail. The plow derailed and skidded up a bank.

The three locomotives pushing it, unable to stop in time, likewise derailed and were buried in a massive snowdrift. No one was hurt, but the mainline was now blocked by a second major obstruction.

NEAL FOOT, an assistant CP superintendent for Alberta South, left his temporary command post at Medicine Hat to assist at the derailment site.

Shortly past 6 p.m. on Feb. 10th the work crews headed by Cece Darby pulled the units and plows out of the drift, thus opening the line. Additional men and equipment moved to the derailment site. Work continued clearing the site. Early next day, one of the three derailed locomotives was back on the track.

"And by Sunday morning, good headway was made but the snow was really hard and the weather was very cold," adds Mr. Foot. "To complicate matters, a rail was broken. It was impossible to lay new steel under snow-clogged locomotives, so we had to 'snake' each locomotive out—one at a time. By doing so, we couldn't avoid damaging more rail."

Back in Calgary, D.G. Stewart had been manning an around-the-clock vigil on the clearing operations. And just past 7:30 p.m. Sunday, Feb. 12th, with a long sigh, he announced the trains could again start operating. And they did—including the 66,000 tons of freight on eastbound trains that the closure had backed up. While this was going on, clearing crews remained on the scene for several days to finish the clean-up. ●

Southern Railway's *Crescent Limited,* crack New York-New Orleans train, is seen running through Alexandria, Va., in its glory days, wheeled by super-Pacific engine 1391. Photo doesn't show it clearly, but there's a sculptured eagle on boiler front. Famed train days apparently near end.

Photograph by Richard J. Cook, associate editor of Locomotive Engineer

PASSENGER TRAIN SURVEY

CAREFULLY WORKED-OUT plans to preserve rail passenger service between Washington, Atlanta, and New Orleans, that had been agreed to by Southern Railway, which operates the existing service, and the management of Amtrak, which Congress created to operate the nation's rail passenger network, failed to win the approval of Amtrak's board of directors. Accordingly, the Southern initiated proceedings to discontinue the train, which is accruing losses for Southern at the rate of $560,000 per month.

Under the plan, the *Southern Crescent,* which Southern operates daily between New York, Washington, and Atlanta and thrice weekly on to New Orleans, was to have become the responsibility of Amtrak. All passenger equipment, including 17 locomotives and 81 cars used by Southern to maintain the existing service—equipment conservatively valued at $4 million—was to have been transferred by Southern to Amtrak without charge. In addition, Southern volunteered to provide sufficient funds, not exceeding $2.7 million, to Amtrak to operate the trains for the balance of this fiscal year (until October 1).

Southern believes the value placed on the equipment is fair and reasonable, and is prepared to make an equivalent contribution of $4 million in cash to Amtrak if it does not want the equipment.

Southern's president L. Stanley Crane, said that the decision to give up the *Southern Crescent* was made "only with the greatest reluctance." Last year alone, he pointed out, the out-of-pocket deficit from operating the train was $6.7 million.

Mr. Crane concluded: "The thought of having to give up this fine train is as personally distressing to me as it is to its loyal fans. However, I take some consolation in the knowledge that it did not fail for lack of interest or effort on our part. I am proud of the effort we made and only regret that our best was not good enough."

AMTRAK'S Board of Directors approved a formula designed to raise fares by about 2½ percent on most routes. The formula includes a schedule of extra charges to those services having heavy peak seasonal demand. The new fares went into effect with timetable change on April 30, and the peak period charges from June 15 through Sept. 5.

The Board had been advised by Amtrak management that the new increase was consistent with established policy of re-examining fares each spring and fall in an effort to keep pace with inflation and in conjunction with regular timetable changes. Amtrak's previous fare increase, last Oct. 30, also averaged 2½ percent.

AMTRAK's new fare increases, approved for its nationwide system, may jeopardize California's attempt to get motorists out of their cars by providing heavy subsidies for rail passenger service. Strongly critical of Amtrak's action, Adriana Gianturco, director of the state Department of Transportation, has threatened to withdraw the state's support, which amounts to millions of dollars.

Most immediately affected would be Caltrak trains between Los Angeles and San Diego, the future of Los Angeles County's *El Camino,* a commuter train also on the Los Angeles-San Diego run, and a proposed Sacramento-Oakland-Los Angeles-San Diego overnight train. The two Caltrak trains and *El Camino,* which began operating Feb. 14, comprise half the six trains Amtrak is running between Los Angeles and San Diego.

Remember days of Reading Camelbacks? Here is No. 613 in Philadelphia, Pa., 36 years ago.

Charles S. Freed photo from collection of Bruce G. Saylor, 2836 Leon Ave., Audubon, Pa. 19407

COMMUTER DIVISION personnel of the Illinois Central Gulf helped thousands of Rock Island and Chicago Transit Authority riders get to work January 4-6, after a girder on a CTA elevated line cracked and caused a shutdown of both the CTA line and the Rock Island underneath. Supervisors, station personnel, and train crews carried out an emergency plan to honor Rock Island tickets and add extra trains and cars on the Blue Island line, which serves the same area as the Rock Island. As a result, ICG ridership went up about 8,000.

TIME WAS when the railroads really catered to their passengers. Some of them, anyhow, for example, the Michigan Central on its mainline between Chicago, Detroit, and Buffalo would have girls board their trains at Niles, Mich. and present all lady passengers in the parlor cars with a nosegay of freshly cut flowers, compliments of the railroad company, which had arranged this service with local florist. The same florist also was paid by the railroad to maintain the landscaping and flowers on the station grounds.

CONRAIL is "not making most required safety inspections" on its commuter divisions—the Hudson, Harlem and New Haven lines, charge the General Accounting Office, the Congressional watchdog agency. It says records do not show corrective actions for deficiencies that had been noted. The report was also highly critical of the Federal Railroad Administration, a rail safety regulatory agency, accusing it of failing to monitor Conrail's safety activities adequately.

A spokesman for Conrail in New York City replies that its system is safe and "we believe our safety record shows that." He quotes from a letter to the G.A.O. by Edward G. Jordan, chairman of Conrail, stating that "It would be misleading to suggest, on the basis of this report, that Conrail is operating unsafely in the New York area or anywhere else."

FEDERAL FUNDING of a limited number of transit rail facilities in qualified urban corridors is included in a

Rail Policy Statement issued by Secretary of Transportation Brock Adams. "We will continue to finance the construction of new rail facilities in a limited number of urban corridors," he said, "when we find population densities, travel volumes and growth patterns that indicate the need for high-capacity rail service."

THE NEW PASSENGER station serving the St. Paul and Minneapolis has been officially dedicated by Amtrak. During a brief ceremony at the station, tribute was paid to the late Senator Hubert H. Humphrey and a plaque was placed in the station in his honor. The station served its first passengers on March 1 with the arrival of the *Twin Cities Hiawatha* from Chicago. Amtrak trains no longer stop in the Burlington Northern station in downtown Minneapolis.

RESCUE WORKERS dug through a wall of snow one day last winter to remove 60 people from a passenger train that froze to the rails after it stalled in snowdrifts "as tall as locomotives" near Roachdale, Indiana. Amtrak spokesman Joseph Vranich said workers dug through the giant drifts to allow two rescue locomotives to join the stalled *Floridian,* and the 45 passengers and 15 crew members walked through the *Floridian's* locomotive to the rescue units.

The seven-car train, on a run from Chicago to Florida, stalled 55 miles north of Bloomington, Ind., as it tried to plow through the drifts. The two snowplow-equipped rescue locomotives of the Louisville & Nashville reached the train shortly after midnight. The locomotives tried to couple with the train's locomotive and haul away the one car into which all passengers and crew members had moved. But they could not plow through the drift. ●

Three train-lovers. Girl in shorts has just met two friends arriving in Oxnard, Calif., on *Coast Starlight* on Sept. 6, 1977. Soon the two Amtrak SDP40F's will head the train toward Seattle.

William T. Morgan, P.O. Box 6469, Oxnard, Calif. 93031

STEVE MAGUIRE'S

TRANSIT TOPICS

GOOD NEWS from Miami, Florida. The voters in Dade County have authorized the building of a high-speed transit systems dependent on elevated tracks. The voting was very close, though, but it did approve a $900 million transit line connecting downtown Miami with Hileah to the west and with suburbs to the south.

According to Jack Nordheimer, writing in *The New York Times,* this is the first stage of a great system that is expected eventually to cost $2.5 billion and provide additional feeder lines reaching into other areas of the county.

Portions of the first stage, coupled with a downtown "people mover" and bus system designed to deliver commuters in other parts of the county to the rail line, are expected to be ready for service by the end of 1982.

The system had been bitterly opposed, particularly by interests with real estate holdings outside the rim of Miami's sprawling suburban grwoth pattern, who had calculated that an urban transit system would lower the value of raw land lying far beyond the area served.

Supporters of the project included most of the community's business interests. They argued that the system would help retard the housing sprawl, breathe new life into downtown Miami as the focal point of a countywide system, and stop encroachment of housing tracts on the edge of the Everglades.

Although the vote was narrow, 117,646 to 115,013, it marked a rare moment of citizen commitment in a city dogged by its history as a town strictly for tourists. In their view, the vote to proceed with the construction was a municipal coming of age.

Eighty percent of the cost of the Dade County project will be funded by the Federal Government and 10 percent by the state. Dade County has 1.6 million residents and is the southern end of a population corridor squeezed between the Atlantic Ocean and the vast swamp of the Everglades, a strip where three million permanent residents now live.

The rapid transit plan—up to now the only public transportation has been provided by spotty bus service—was first passed by Dade voters in 1972 with the approval of $132.5 million in bonds for the project. But opposition mounted as inflation pushed up the costs. The Dade transit system has to be elevated or built on the street level, since the water table of a city between the swamp and ocean would not permit the construction of underground lines.

THE CONNECTICUT CO., which was famous for its streetcar network, had two Baldwin electric locos: (1) builder's number 38834, old Conn. Co. No. 028, new Conn. Co. 10531, and (2) Baldwin number 38835, old Conn. Co. No. 029, new Conn. Co. No. 1054. Both were built in 1912 and used with Conn. Co. equipment as ballast trains in laying track for the Shore Line Electric Railroad. Norman Ulrich, 1410 S.E. 4th Ave., Pompano Beach, Fla. 33060, wants to buy photos of them and other SLE pictures.

GROUND has been broken for the $440 million extension of the Massachusetts Bay Transportation Authority's Red Line for 2.7 miles from a new Harvard Square station to Alewife. From Harvard Square, the Red Line will be in a deep bore tunnel under Massachusetts Avenue to Porter station with bus access and facilities for passengers to transfer to and from the South Acton commuter rail line. The tunnel north from Porter will be deep bore to Davis Square in West Somerville. The extension west from Davis Square will be a cut and cover tunnel to a point just south and west of Dewey-Almy Circle on Alewife Brook Parkway. The Alewife station will serve as a key regional transportation point with bus access.

This entire new line is scheduled for completion late in 1982. The state has already applied for additional money to extend it to Arlington Heights and is studying options for service beyond that point to Route 128. UMT has asked for more data on the extensions beyond Alewife.

LAST of the former Sacramento Northern's parlor-observation cars, the *Bidwell*, may have been sent to the California Railway Museum at Rio Vista Jct., Calif., before you read these words. When the SN quit in 1941, this car-body was bought at auction, taken to Wheatland, Calif., and set up as living quarters. Now it is owned by an estate whose trustees are historically-minded and want to see it placed permanently in the museum, their only stipulation being that it be replaced by a mobile home of equal value. When this became known, CRM quickly asked for funds to make the swap possible. The museum is in a position to restore the interurban car to its original condition, since it has trucks from former Napa Valley car 53, which fire destroyed years ago.

A MULE-CAR transit line reportedly will be built in Albuquerque, N.M., from downtown to the Old City section. Who can supply details?

Pittsburgh Heard From

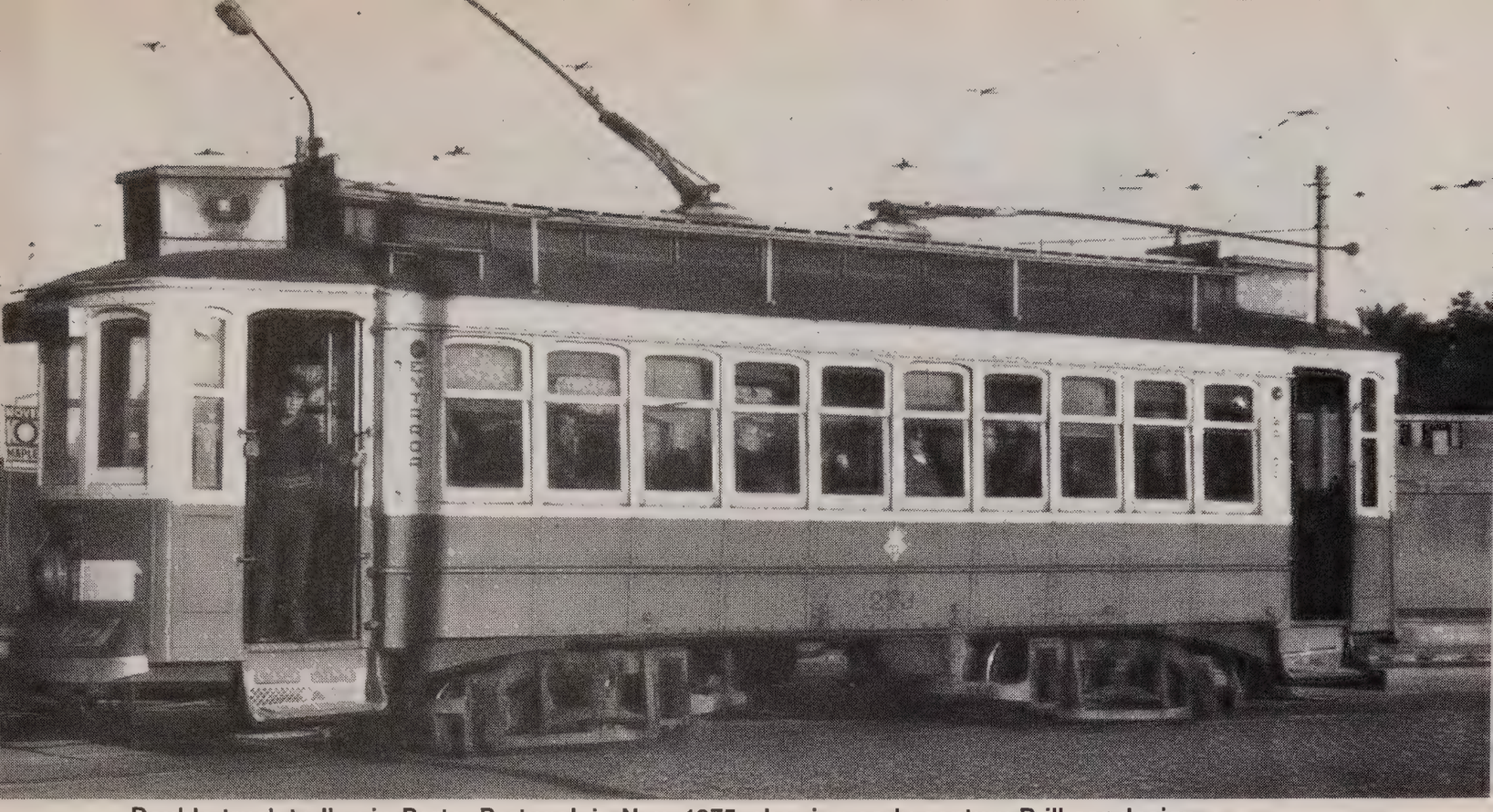
AT PITTSBURGH, the Port Authority has applied for $1 million in Federal funds to repair the 107-year-old Monongahela Incline, reports Jim Cerny of that city. This follows an engineering study of the steel superstructure supporting the 640-foot double tracks up the Mt. Washington slope. Extreme cold weather damages them. As a result, the Incline was immediately ordered closed whenever the temperature fell to zero and was not reopened until it rose to 15 degrees and the structure was checked for possible damage.

Incline operatore visually inspect it at the start of service each day and will continue to do so until the repairs are made. It may be a year or so before the major rehabilitation work can be started. Also in Pittsburgh, the 100-year-old Duquesne Incline that a non-profit group operates and efficiently maintains, has not been found to have any such structural problems.

In Philadelphia a SEPTA PCC car was struck by an oil-tank truck backing out of a snowdrift on Germantown Avenue, injuring 20 persons. Far worse than that was the trolley-bus collision near South Hills Jot. in Pittsburgh on February 10th when a PCC carrying no passengers suddenly switched left across the opposite lane of the new South Busway, running into an oncoming PAT bus, pushing it into a pole. Four bus riders were killed, 28 injured, making it the third deadliest commuter tragedy in Pittsburgh's history. The worst one came on Christmas Eve, 1917, when a runaway Knoxville trolley roared through the Mount Washington trolley tunnel and overturned in the Southside, killing 21 and injuring scores of others. And on Nov. 14, 1944, seven persons were killed and 35 others injured when two Pittsburgh Railway Co. streetcars crashed in a heavy fog near the old Munhall Junction.

The Washington Subway

WASHINGTON, D.C., subway is to the Chicago subway as the Ritz Carlton is to the Palace Hotel on West Madison Street, Jack Mabley writes in the *Chicago Tribune*. Last week I took a ride on the Washington



Double-truck trolley in Porto, Portugal, in Nov. 1975, showing early-century Brill car design.

Photograph by Bruce Russell

underground—the Metro—from the Capitol to DuPont Circle. It involved one transfer and a distance about the same as from the Loop to the end of the Ravenswood line. The fare was 40 cents.

The trains were quiet, carpeted, decorated in pastels, and devoid of graffiti. The underground tunnel is enormous, its high, arched roof eliminating the feeling of being closed in. The floor was an attractive tile. It was really impressive. It also is extremely expensive for taxpayers. The fares vary with the distance traveled, but I would guess that if riders had to pay a fare to amortize the full cost of the subway plus operation expenses, it would cost $8 to $10 a ride.

AN EXTENSION of the Washington Metropolitan Area Transit Authority's *Red Line* has been opened from its former terminus at Rhode Island Avenue station northward across the District line to Silver Spring, Md., in February. The 5.5-mile route has four stations, all above ground.

The extension to Silver Spring, second largest city in Maryland, is largely elevated. It runs along one of Washington's most heavily traveled commuter corridors. Fare is 75 cents during rush hours, 55 cents in off hours.

The bitter cold of the past winter caused a problem with Metro's multimillion-dollar fare-card vending machines, which refused to accept dollar bills although they did take coins. These machines are equipped with an environmental control system that includes a heater in the machine. Most of the machines that had the problem were outdoors.

Light bulbs had been installed in some machines to warm up the validators that dispense tickets. After the problem developed, the manufacturer ordered 100 *electric blankets* from the West Coast to thaw out the machines! We wouldn't have believed this story had we not seen it credited to the *Washington Post*.

Automated Tube Train

BRITISH EXPERTS are working on the first stage of a plan to run London's Tube trains without drivers or guards (conductors). The no-man trains, they say, will provide a faster and more reliable service for travelers and be much safer as well. The project is being carried out on the Northern Line. But it will be about the end of the century before machines finally take over from the 3,000 crewmen.

In charge of the operation is William Maxwell, who is London Transport's Railway Division executive member responsible for engineering.

"The first fully automated train" he says, "will run in London in the 1990s and the whole program should be completed by 2010."

Electronic machines will have to be placed at every junction and station. After the first experiments are completed the first prototype train will run on either the East London line, between Whitechapel and New Cross, or between Hainault and Woodford.

Aside from that, a rabbit, apparently crazed, halted service on London's Central Line subway service by jumping into one cab and biting, scratching, and clawing the driver until be bled. The incident was reported by London Transport which operates the system. It said the rabbit attacked driver John Hunt on a stretch of line where it runs over ground in Essex county northeast of the city.

Toronto Subway News

TORONTO'S Spadina subway line has opened a new 6.17-mile addition running from the St. George station of the University subway line to Wilson Avenue. This raised the subway's total mileage to 32.

From the northerly terminal at Wilson Station, the Spadina subway runs south through the boroughs of North York and York to link up with the University subway at St. George station. Passengers have the choice of a direct, through underground ride to and from northwest Metro and downtown or transferring to the crosstown Bloor-Danforth subway line at Spadina or St. George station.

Spadina subway is a dual-track line built-in cut and cover tunnel and open right-of-way. On the section of line between Wilson and Eglinton West stations, trains run at grade along the median strip of the William Allen Arterial Roadway and Expressway.

There are eight new stations on the

Perfect way to spend part of a summer weekend is riding Branford Trolley Museum cars in Conn.
Photograph by Joseph A. Mannix

Spadina subway. The unique designs of each add a new dimension to subway travel for transit passengers. Architecturally exciting features include the use of natural light skylights, vaulted ceilings, colorful mosaic tiles, and the creative as well as functional use of concrete and stainless steel. Add to this the imaginative works of art especially created for the stations by nine contemporary Canadian artists and an everyday subway ride becomes an exciting visual experience.

Toronto Transit Commission has started a 1.5-mile extension of Bloor-Danforth subway from the Warden Avenue station to a new station at Kennedy Road and Elginton Avenue East. It will cost $90 million and is expected to be completed in the summer of 1980. Its purpose is to provide a direct link with the proposed light rail streetcar line that is be built from Kennedy Road station to the Scarborough Town Centre at Ellsemere and McHowan roads. This project will cost at least $108.7 million.

Problems Caused by Snow

TWO REAR END crashes a few days apart last winter, both causing injuries, occurred on Massachusetts Bay Transportation lines in Boston. New Light Rail Vehicle No. 3401 slammed into a PCC car and then two subway trains collided at Sullivan Square station. At about the same time, two rear-end collisions damaged SEPTA cars near Philadelphia on the Norristown line of the Red Arrow Division. A similar accident took place with two PCC cars at the 30th Street station of the downtown Philadelphia subway. And a week later, two new Highliner electrics of Illinois Central Gulf had a rear-end crash on the suburban MU line out of Chicago.

All the foregoing accidents occurred in January snowstorms, including wet rails and ice. Apparently some operators didn't give enough thought to the condition of the rails caused by the white stuff, so that the usual brake application slid the trains ahead on slick rails with brakes probably locked. In the ICG accident, the railroad has conceded that the so-called snow-brakes on the rear train may have been malfunctioning. Snow-brakes are used to lightly engage the brakeshoes. Heat from friction is supposed to keep the shoes from icing up.

The heavy snow created another problem for PCC cars in Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, and Boston, resulting in all three companies asking the Federal Government for money to repair their crippled fleets of trolleys. Most of the damage was to the field grounds, due to snow building up under the car trucks, knocking off the motor covers, and eventually shorting out and burning up the electrical armatures. At one time last January, PAT had 43 of its 94 cars being repaired in the South Hills Shops, with 15 men working 12-hour shifts day after day.

Elsewhere, snowstorms and blustery weather brought a record number of riders to the Airport and Shaker divisions of Cleveland's Regional Transit Authority, Al Kleinsmoth reports. Ridership on the Van Aken division was so heavy at times that cars were filled before they reached Shaker Square. Some passengers would take an outbound train and ride it to the end of the line so they could have a seat on the return downtown.

Average daily ridership on the Shaker line reached 20,500, up 20 percent from last summer, and double that of 1975. A record number of 22,500 persons rode the cars on January 30th, the first business day after a heavy blizzard. On RTA's Airport division, 42,000 daily fares were recorded during the same period, up 21 percent from 1977.

Although much of the rush-hour crowding on the Shake system is due to increased ridership, some has to be attributed to a shortage of operating rapid cars. One day recently, six of 48 Shaker cars were being repaired.

"The mechanics are working 10 and 12 hours a day to keep the old equipment working," says Leonard Ronis, RTA general manager. "New cars are not expected for at least two

years. They are now being built in Italy by an Italian company."

New Electric Publications

Trolleys to Cayuga Lake Park, by Sheldon S. King, 41 pages 8½x11", soft cover, Seneca Falls Historical Society, 55 Cayuga St., Seneca Falls, N.Y. 13148, $5.

Here is the story of a small suburban trolley line operating in the Finger Lakes section of central New York from 1889 until 1928. One of its early names indicates the places served: Geneva, Waterloo, Seneca Falls & Cayuga Lake Traction Co. In its prime, its 10 trolleys served 7½ miles of track connecting Geneva, N.Y., with Waterloo and Seneca Falls. King devotes a few pages to the two little steam railroads at Seneca Falls that preceded the trolleys. As far as we know, the GWSF&CL has never before been mentioned in any publication. There are photos, a roster, and a track map covering three pages which would have been easier to understand if it had been reduced to two adjoining pages.

Railroads in Oklahoma is a 172-page hardbound book, 6x9", containing historical essays on railroading in Oklahoma in years past, big roads like the Santa Fe and Katy and some smaller lines, with illustrations. We mention it here because 31 pages are devoted to traction lines, most of which cover the Oklahoma Railways system. The book is published by the Oklhoma Historical Society, 2100 N. Lincoln, Oklahoma City, Okla. 73105; $7.50 paperback, $11.00 hardbound.

The Boston Transit Album, by Bradley H. Clarke, 64 pages 11x8½", soft cover, Boston Street Railway Association, P.O. Box 102, Cambridge, Mass. 02138, $4.95. This book is primarily a compilation of interesting and unusual page-size photos from horsecar days to the light rail and rapid transit subways of today. Besides the more than 50 photos, you'll find a short historical sketch and a chronology of important dates in transportation in the Boston area from stagecoaches and horsecars up to the present.

Chicago, Aurora & Elgin Railroad Company is the title of a 16-page brochure issued in 1926 by the interurban company for promotion and publicity. Included are descriptions of the area served, the equipment and future plans, and photos of equipment, right-of-way, and structures. That brochure is now reproduced on fine paper by the Chicago, Aurora & Elgin Railroad Historical Society, 836 Fifth St., Aurora, ILL. 60505. Price is $4.

PUBLICATIONS covering British subjects have recently been issued by the Light Railway Transport League, 13A, The Precinct, Broxbourne, Herts. EN10 7HY, England.

Blackpool to Fleetwood, by Brian Turner, chronicles the Blackpool tramway system in 100 pages, 6x9", soft cover. This is a reprint of several articles from *Modern Tramway* magazine. Included are many photos, old and recent, scale drawings of each car type, and maps. Price is one pound, 20 pence (British currency).

Glasgow Subway, 1896-1977, by Paul J. Kelly and M.J.D. Willsher, is the story of the 4-foot-gage underground loop subway line in Glasgow from its opening in 1896 through electrification and its temporary halt in 1977 for modernization and new equipment. There are photos, maps, and ticket reproductions. Price, 30 pence.

Great Orme Tramway, by R.C. Anderson, a 20-page booklet, covers a popular cable line at Llandudno, Wales, now in its 75th year still running with its original equipment. The cars resemble trolleys in carrying trolley poles for electrical contacts. Photos and a map are included in this booklet that sells for 25 pence.

SEND transit news and electric-line books to Steve Maguire, P.O. Box 51, Belmar, N.J. 07719. ●

Max E. Wilcox, 429 West Ave., Elyria, Ohio

Hamming it up on Lorain & Cleveland Ry. No. 15 at Cleveland (Ohio), Square, probably in early 1890s.

INFORMATION BOOTH

ASK BARBARA: Railroad questions are answered here—as many as space permits. Address Miss Barbara Kreimer, *Railroad Magazine*, 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017. No questions will be answered by mail or telephone.

1 Any danger of Union Pacific going the way of the Milwaukee Road?

Absolutely not. UP's earnings in 1977, from normal operations, surpassed $100 million for the first time, reaching $116.3 million. This represented a gain of 18 percent over 1976 earnings of $98.7 million before a credit of $7.5 million related to Amtrak. Consolidated revenues also reached a new high of $1.3 billion, up 12.4 percent over the 1976 figure of $1.2 billion. Carloadings rose 4 percent over the year previous, increasing the system's revenue ton-miles to a record 60.9 billion, compared with 56.8 billion in 1976. Most significant gains were made in intermodal traffic, natural soda ash, coal and automobiles. The farm products group, particularly grain, which has been depressed by low prices for nearly two years, was the only major commodity with a significant decline.

Other impressive UP achievements in 1977 included: Virtual completion of the automated classification yard at Hinkle, Ore.; installation of 66 miles of CTC from Crates to Troutdale, Ore. Commencement of unit coal train service to the $1.1 billion Jeffrey Energy Center near Topeka, Kan., and start-up of raw material shipments for the NASA Space Shuttle Program.

Nellie Bly train named for her.

2 When did the passenger train *Nellie Bly* first run to Atlantic City, N.J.?

Warren Crater, veep of Railroadians of America, remembers that as a youth he heard a cousin talk about a PRR E-3 pulling the *Nellie Bly,* Camden-Atlantic City, in the 1912-13 period, and he recalls seeing it a short time later. The story is told that a young lady was traveling on the old Pennsy, Newark to Atlantic City, was so fascinated by the ride that she said to the conductor: "This is much like the famous reporter Nellie Bly and her trip around the world." Her quip was repeated in crew rooms and elsewhere. In the summer of 1920 the PRR made the train name *Nellie Bly* official, honoring the female journalist.

3 Tell me about the original Victoria Bridge across the St. Lawrence River at Montreal.

The two-mile Victoria Bridge was officially opened Aug. 25, 1860, by the Prince of Wales, later Edward VII. Aptly referred to as a tubular span, it was, in fact, a long tube of iron plates riveted together. Bridge engineer Robert Stephenson of Scotland recommended to the Grand Trunk Ry. that this form of bridge be built. The old box bridge was finally renovated in the closing years of the last century to handle increased rail traffic. It was widened to make room for a double track line, roadways, and walks. Tracks for the electrified train service were added later.

4 When were the first of Illinois Central's famous Pacifics built?

IC's first 4-6-2's were built by Schenectady in 1905, Nos. 1031-1035. In 1906, five more, Nos. 1036-1040, and then in 1908 an additional eight, Nos. 1041-1048, were produced, all by the same builder. All had 25x26″ cylinders, 75″ drivers, weighed 249,000 lbs., boiler pressure 180 lbs., and tractive force of 33, 150 lbs. From 1906 to 1920 Schenectady built 43 Pacifics for the IC, Brooks constructed 50, Richmond 25, and Baldwin 6. The five that Baldwin built in 1909, Nos. 1049-1053, were put on the road experimentally. They apparently didn't come up to Illinois Central standards, but saw some service hauling the *Seminole* and *Panama Limited.*

5 I am a retired Northern Pacific brakeman. Will I receive additional benefits if I apply for Social Security spouse benefits based on my wife's earnings?

Probably not. Male railroad retiree annuitants would generally not receive additional benefits if they quality for a Social Security spouse or widower's benefit. This is because their annuities would generally be reduced by the entire amount of their Social Security spouse or widower's benefits.

6 Words wanted for poem, "The Freight Wreck at Altoona," author unknown.

She had just left the point of Kittanning,
The freight number twelve sixty-two,
And on down the mountain she traveled
And brave were the men in her crew.
The engineer pulled at the throttle,
For the brakes wouldn't work when applied,
And the brakeman climbed out on the car top,
For he knew what the whistle had cried.

With all of the strength that God gave him
He tightened the brakes with a prayer,
But the train kept right on down the mountain,
And her whistle was piercing the air.
She traveled at sixty an hour,
Gaining speed every foot of the way;
And then with a crash it was over,
And there on the track the freight lay.

It's not the amount of the damage,
Or the value of what it all cost;
It's the sad tale that came from the cabin
Where the lives of two brave men were lost.
They were found at their posts in the wreckage,
They died with the engine that fell;
The engineer held to the whistle,
And the fireman to the rope on the bell.

This story is told of a freight train,
And it should be a warning to all,
You should all be prepared every morning,
For you cannot tell when He'll call.

7 What were the numbers and names of Maine Central's new diesels?

In July, 1975, MEC received delivery of ten new 1800-hp road locomotives built by GE at Erie Pa. They were No. 400, *Gen. Henry Knox;* No. 401, *Hannah Weston;* No. 402, *Gen. John Stark;* No. 403, *Gen. Peleg Wadsworth;* No. 404, *Kenneth Roberts;* No. 405, *Arun-*

del; No. 406, *Col. John Allan;* No. 407, *Unity;* No. 408, *Battle of the Bagaduce* and No. 409, *Ethan Allen.*

8 Who was James Guthrie?

President of the Louisville & Nashville during and just after the Civil War. One major achievement of his presidency was the completion of a through all-rail route from Louisville to Memphis that utilized L&N trackage and that of two other lines later absorbed by the L&N. Tourists to the Blue Grass State traveling through South Central Kentucky could very well find the community that bears James Guthrie's name. The first through trains ran through Guthrie on their way from Louisville to Memphis in early 1861.

9 Anything on latter-day operations of the Petaluma & Santa Rosa?

Thanks to Central Coast-NRHS for the info. This former electric interurban railroad was converted to diesel operation in 1946 with the purchase of Nos. 1 and 2, GE 44-ton center-cab diesels powered by twin Caterpillar V-8 diesel engines. In Aug. 1958, Nos. 1 and 2 were traded to the Southern Pacific in exchange for Espee 1903 and SPMW 206, both 44-tonners, and equipped to operate in multiple. P&SR 1 and 2 were renumbered SP 1904 and 1905. The P&SR continued to operate multiple units 3 and 4 until 1964, when rail replacement and bridge work allowed the use of small EMD switchers on the Northwestern Pacific.

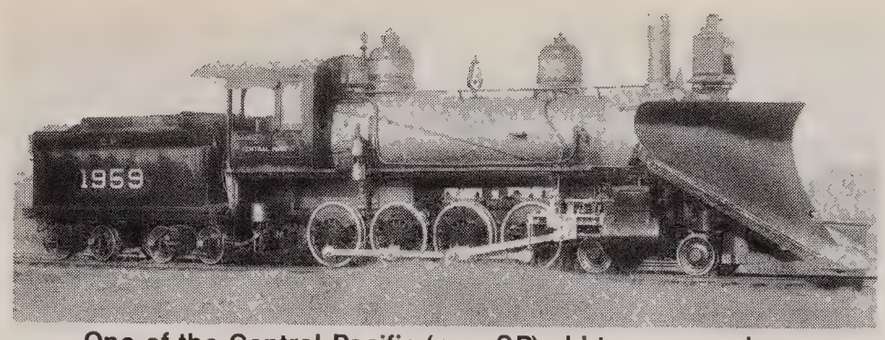
Owned by the NWP, the P&SR operates with SP SW-1500 switcher units based at Santa Rosa and Petaluma. Former P&SR branch lines to Forestville and Twin Rocks have been abandoned, as has the through line from Petaluma to Sebastopol, leaving a short section from Santa Rosa to Sebastopol and a short industrial track in Petaluma.

10 What is Rail Foundation?

It is a District of Columbia non-profit corporation organized to conduct and sponsor studies and research in rail transportation. It publishes and distributes studies, reports, and other educational material on railroad subjects and engages in litigation, where appropriate, to further the interest of modern rail service. For further info contact them at the Foundation's office, 1819 H S Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006.

11 When was the first railway begun in Newfoundland?

Aug. 9, 1881, despite much local opposition and violence from St. John's to Hall's Bay. The 547 miles of 3 ft. 6 in. gage line from St. John's to Port aux Basques was completed in 1896. Who'll ever forget its "Newfie Bullet" that many railfans rode several years ago?



One of the Central Pacific (now SP) old type snowplows.

12 What percent of a steam locomotive's power did it take to pull itself?

Assuming that the track was level and straight, and say the engine weighed 150 tons and had a tractive pover of 30,000 lbs., it took a tractive effort of 16 lbs. per ton to start the loco. This would amount to 2,400 lbs., or 8 percent of the entire tractive power. As the locomotive gained speed, the t.e. required to move her diminished to about 6 percent per ton at 8 or 10 mph, which would be about 3 percent. As the speed increased, the ratio of necessary tractive power also rose until, at say 125 mph, it required the entire tractive force of the locomotive to keep moving at that speed.

13 Locate Conrail's major locomotive repair and major freight car repair shops?

Juniata (Altoona), Pa., and Collingwood (Cleveland), Ohio. Major freight repair shops are located at Samuel Rea (Hollidaysburg), Meadville, and Reading, Pa.

14 Name the lines that became part of the Frisco Railroad?

There were 15: Kansas City, Ft. Scott & Memphis; Kansas City, Memphis & Birmingham; Arkansas Valley & Western; Birmingham Belt; Crystal Ry.; Ft. Worth & Rio Grande; Oklahoma City & Western; St. Louis, Memphis & Southwestern; St. Louis & Gulf; Blackwell, Enid & Southwestern; Kansas Midland; Kansas City, Osceola & Southern; Kansas City, Clinton & Springfield; Jonesboro, Lake City & Eastern, and Muscle Shoals, Birmingham & Pensacola. The FW&RG, operating between Ft. Worth and Brady, Texas, was bought by the Santa Fe on March 1, 1937.

15 Where is the world's most northerly railway?

This is a 1.5-mile 2 ft. 11 in gage line at King's Bay in Spitsbergen, Norway, at latitude 79 degrees North, only 750 miles from the North Pole. It connects coal mines with the harbor and is used in summer only. Built in 1917, it has five German 0-4-0T engines. The line was closed in 1929, but reopened in 1945.

Running Extra

FAYETTEVILLE CUTOFF used the tracks of the Florence R.R. in South Carolina. Chartered in Feb. 1882, the line began construction in 1888 from Pee Dee, S.C., near Florence, toward North Carolina. It reached Rowland, N.C., in 1889, some 25 miles from Pee Dee. In 1893 the Atlantic Coast Line (a loose formation) obtained financial control of the Florence and opened the Fayateville cutoff. This allowed the ACL to avoid Wilmington, N.C., on the coast and proceed directly to Charlotte via Pee Dee, Florence, and over the North Eastern to Charlotte.

At this time the Florence was legally cut back to the NC-SC state line and the railway north to Rowland went to the Wilmington & Weldon. In 1898 the Florence and other South Carolina roads merged to form the Atlantic Coast Line of South Carolina. The ACL eventually joined Seaboard Air Line to form the present-day Seaboard Coast Line.—Thomas Fetters, 545 S. Elizabeth Dr., Lombard, Ill. 60148.

ANYONE HAVE info, data, drawings, photos of Pennsy passenger and business cars and their disposition to other roads or private owners?—Robert Reid, Box 135, East McKeesport, Pa. 15035.

WHERE CAN I get info on steam in Finland before diesel conversion?—John R. Lukko, P.O. Box 601, Morgan Hill, Calif. 95037.

SOMEONE asked why the *Lake Shore Limited* back up maneuver near Selkirk, N.Y. This is because of no track connection between the Albany-Rensselaer station and the old Boston & Albany line east. There was

almost 12 miles of rail, but sometime ago it was torn up by Penn Central for one of their "much more needed" projects.—Joseph E. Sharkey, N. Hoosac Rd., Williamstown, Mass. 01267.

INFO WANTED on the Fonda, Johnstown & Gloversville in New York State.—Larry Pitbladdo, RD6, West Pond, Flemington, N.J. 08822. *(Ed. note:* See article in our Jan. '69 issue.)

WHO CAN tell me what is meant by fixed cutoff and control cutoff on a steam locomotive? Where is the highest U.S. railroad bridge?—Kesler S. Morrison, Rte. 1, Stony Point, N.C. 28678.

WAS a Wabash history ever published in book form?—Harold W. Sherman, 5857 Pine View Dr., Ypselanti, Mich. 48197.

WHERE CAN I get info on the old New York Central's Adirondack Div.?—Robert Snook, 46 San Marie Dr., Rochester, N.Y. 14622.

I HAVE an engine picture with the name Shawnee & Muskingum River R.R. on the tender. Did this line ever connect with other towns in the area of the coal town of Shawnee west of Malta, Ohio?—Victor L. Rich, 975 Miami St., NW, Massillon, Ohio 44646.

MOST of the El Paso & Southwestern from Bisbee Jct. to El Paso, Texas, was abandoned and torn up in the early 1960s. Several hundred miles of mainline trackage was involved.—John W. Rapoza, SP locomotive engineer, P.O. Box 472, Alta, Calif. 91701.

FOR A BOOK I am writing, I need a diary, journal, reports, or whatever (first person) written by C.C. Van Arsdoll, chief engineer of the Grand Trunk Pacific when it was being built through central British Columbia. This railway was completed in 1914, the last year covered in my book. The GTP, of course, is now part of the Canadian National.—Audrey L'Heureux, 2287 Ball Place, Prince George, B.C., Canada V2K 3C5.

WESTERN MARYLAND RY. between York, Pa., and Hagerstown, Md., has a track that runs through the P.H. Glatfelter Co., a paper products plant. Where else in the U.S. or elsewhere does a major railroad run through a factory?—L.P. Cummings, 129 Nevin St., Lancaster, Pa. 17603.

I WANT PIX and info on the old New Haven's interlocking station No. 71, now known as Devon Towner, at Devon, Conn., especially from 1950s to present date.—Kenneth Blandina, 38-0 Robert Treat Dr., Milford, Conn. 06460.

WOULD LIKE to see something on preacher David J. Fant, a Southern Railway passenger engineer of many years ago. He had an open Bible on the front of his locomotive, which he removed at the end of his run at Greenville, S.C. As a youth, I used to listen for his whistle. It was told around our area that he could tell his wife how he felt by the way he blew the whistle.—G.C. Burgess, Rte. 2, Box 162-B, Hamilton, Ga. 31811. *(Ed. note:* Our March '35 issue had an illustrated feature on him.)

THE CK&S (mentioned in Oct. '77 issue) is also the Chicago, Kalamazoo & Saginaw in lower Michigan, built northeasterly from Kalamazoo and leased by Michigan Central.—Ed Selinsky, 1166 13th Ave., Green Bay, Wisc. 54304.

CONEY ISLAND trolleys used to end up at W. Fifth St. and Surf Ave. My Favorite was the one run by the Tilyou family from Steeplechase Pier to Stillwell Ave. station and back. Andrew Dooley was one of the motormen.—R. Gassberg, 3162 Bay View Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y.

ANYTHING to the report that Johnny Cash has a modest collection of steam locomotives behind his home in Nashville, Tenn., and that Gene Autry has a larger collection stored on his ranch? Who knows what they are and what railroad they ran on?—Hugh McFetter, Rte. 1, Crofton, Ky. 42217. *(Note from Freeman Hubbard:* I approached both Johnny Cash and Gene Autry in hopes of writing them up as *Interesting Railfans,* but neither one, or his agent, answered me.)

YOU PROBABLY mean Echo Mountain incline, not Mt. Loew, which was operated by the Pacific Electric Ry. and connected its standard-gage interurban line from Los Angeles with its scenic narrow-gage trolley line to the Mount Lowe resort high in the San Gabriel Mts. Henry Bowen of the Seashore Trolley Museum, Kennebunkport, Maine, is collecting info on funiculars.—David G. Cameron, P.O. Box 24328, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024.

WHO has the words to "The Engineer's Prayer?—Mrs. Herman R. Dey, Freehold Rd., Box 277, Hightstown, N.J. 08520.

DOES AMTRAK use any Milwaukee equipment on its *North Coast Hiawatha?*—Edward Geis, 1490 Cohassett Ave., Lakewood, Ohio 44107.

ANSWERING a recent query: the specs for Union Pacific Big Boys are: length, 132′ 10″; builder, Alco; cylinders (4) 233/4x32″; total weight, 1,208,750 lbs.; steam pressure, 300 lbs.; fuel, 28 tons; water, 25,000 gallons; 68″ drivers; tractive effort, 135,375 lbs. with 6000 drawbar horse power. UP had 25 of these 4-8-8-4's.

Specs for Erie and Virginian 2-8-8-8-2 were: built by Baldwin; 2 high- and 2 low-pressure 32x36″ cylinders; total weight 864,400 lbs.; steam pressure 210 lbs.; 16 tons of fuel, 11,600 gallons of water, 63″ drivers, tractive effort 160,000 lbs. and length 105′. Only four were built. Erie had three Virginian one.

Specs for Santa Fe 2-10-10-2 were: builder SF (Topeka and Baldwin); 28x38x32″ cylinders; 616,000 lbs., total weight; 225 lbs. steam pressure; 57″ drivers; length 77′ without tender, and 111,600 lbs. tractive effort. Ten Mallets were built from ten Baldwin 2-10-2 engines, and ten low-pressure engines by Baldwin.—R.J. McKay, P.O. Box 246, Bartlett, Texas 76511.

WANTED: info on the operation of Joliet & Eastern Traction Co. and its cars that ran between Joliet and Chicago Heights, Ill., until about 1922. Are any of these cars available for community group wanting to buy and relocate for civic restoration project?—Jack McCabe, P.O. Box 147, Palos Park, Ill. 60464.

BEFORE THEY disappear completely, can anyone tell me about the following Penn Central freight car initials: PCA, PCB, TOC, TLS, and FJG.—Robert W. Cullen, Brotherhood of Railway, Airline and Steamship Clerks, Freight Handlers, Express and Station Employees, Jamaica Lodge No. 1444, 29 Lee Ave., East Williston, N.Y. 11596.

I COLLECT rail glassware, china, brass buttons, locks, keys, etc. Where should I write for lists and prices?—L.P. Scott, Jr., P.O. Box 11001, Columbia, S.C. 29211.

I NEED INFO on the experimental electrical train control installed March 22, 1922, use of telephone and telegraph instruments on a single wire in March, 1900, and the first use of steam heating and carboline lights in passenger cars in Jan. 1890. These were all supposed to be first time experiments on the Pennsy's Sunbury and Lewistown branch.—Jack. L. Reed, P.O. Box 162, Millersville, Pa. 17551.

DURING WHAT YEARS did the Camden & Amboy R.R. operate and where were its terminals located?—R. Byers, 167 Feronia, Rutherford, N.J. 07070.

HOBBY CLUB

conducted by Sy Reich

First train to Courtenay since June 30th, 1975, work extra 8623 eases way over high bridge across the Trout River at mile 135.1, Victoria subdivision on the Esquimalt & Nanaimo section of the Canadian Pacific on Dec. 13th, 1977. This bridge is within four miles of Courtenay, the northern terminus. Line was ordered to be reopened by the Canadian Transport Commission. CP Rail had to spend $2 million to reopen service.

Dave Wilkie, 595 Leaside Ave., Victoria, B.C. V8Z 2K9

IT'S BEEN a long time since the National Railway Historical Society had an international convention at their usual late Aug.-early Sept. gathering around the campfires. This will be Al Vaughn's first. It is just what lies ahead this year, as authored by the Pacific Northwest Chapter, for Aug. 31-Sept. 5. We haven't got lunch or dinner schedules, prices, or time for the events, but anyone planning to attend should keep close to his individual chapter or to the boys at PNW. The program we do have looks pretty good as sent by Ed Immel.

On Thurs., Aug. 31, in a pre-convention trip, Amtrak's *Pioneer* will pull out of Portland's Union Station for a scenic trip up the Columbia River gorge, past 620-foot-high Multnomah Falls and a view of the only lumber flume still operating in the U.S. Then the folks will leave the train at The Dallas, Ore., for a look at the dam there. According to reports, this is one of the world's largest hydro-electric facilities. A ride is planned on the dam's own railway. Following this visit, you return to Portland aboard the westbound *Pioneer*.

Sept. 1 will be a day of shortline operations. Chartered buses will depart from Portland's Hilton down the beautiful Willmette Valley, not far from the Espee mainline, for a trip over the Oregon, Pacific & Eastern Ry. at Cottage Grove, Ore. The OP&E is dual-carrier operation, freight and passenger, with a roster that includes steam, diesel, and a RDC. The 40-mile roundtrip will pass by scenic Dorena Lake and into foothills of the Cascade Mts. You will return to Portland later in the day for an encore on one of the evenings of the 1965 convention in that city—the steam powered Portland Zoo Ry. and a Chinook-salmon barbeque.

There's a choice on Sept. 2: take a trolley ride or an Amtrak trip. For the juice-minded, the streetcar riding will be a full day aboard single-truck Brill cars over the 24 miles of the Yakima Valley Transportation Co. in Yakima, Wash. Following which, special buses will travel via the Columbia River gorge to Seattle for the evening. The Amtrak trip will be aboard Puget Sound to Tacoma for a connection to visit Point Definance Park. Here on display is machinery that was used to bring the logs—Paul Bunyan's toothpicks—out of the woods, and ride behind a three-truck Shay loco, and then on to Snoqualmie, Wash., for a steam jaunt on one of the engines of the Puget Sound Railway Historical Society before rejoining your just-arrived Yakima trolley friends at Seattle.

The beginning of the week, Sun., Sept. 3, will find NRHS off to Canada. From Seattle it will be a Puget Sound cruise aboard the British Columbia Steamship Company's *Princess Marquerite*, ex-CP vessel—a four-hour "sail" to Victoria, B.C., on Vancouver Island. Later that day, buses will take the historians to Vancouver via ferry, where the annual banquet will be held that evening at the venerable railroad-oriented Hotel Vancouver.

For Monday you have a tryst with a Royal Hudson. From North Vancouver to Squamish the train will be hauled by No. 2860, an ex-CP 4-6-4. At Squamish, 40 miles north, the Royal Hudson will be cut off and ex-CP Consolidation No. 3716 will pull your train to Pemberton over rails of the old Pacific Great Eastern, now British Columbia Ry. After turning the train, the locomotive will wheel the consist back to Squamish. There the 4-6-4 will couple on for a doubleheader back to North Vancouver. What a treat!

Things wind down on the following day when Amtrak's *Pacific International* returns to Seattle, ending the 1978 convention. The lucky guys and gals who have more time and money

to enjoy the Northwest than the average working stiff will get plenty of opportunities by making their requests known to Pacific Northwest-NRHS, Room 1, Union Station, Portland, Ore. 97209.

ROBERT A.JOHNSON, 4221 Lanark Ave., Ft. Worth, Texas 76109, is looking for Northern Pacific railroad china, preferably the Villiard pattern. B&O fireman Pete Snyder, 1612 Hill St., Apt. E, Belpre, Ohio 45714, wants tall-globe lanterns, also brass switch locks and keys. John Nally, 12424 S. 69th Ct., Palos Heights, Ill. 60463, says he will buy anything pertaining to the *Panama Limited*. Also in Illinois, Francis H. Monek, 120 W. Madison St., Chicago 60602, collects gadget canes and is looking for those used by railroad supervisors and trackmen to determine track width and other measurements.

LAWRENCE GIBBS must be one of the busiest scriveners in the Southwest. His main job is on the city desk of an Oklahoma newspaper. He also finds time to put out an interesting newsletter, *The Dispatcher,* for the Central Oklahoma Railfan Club, and now the Katy Railroad Historical Society's newsletter, *The Katy Flyer.* Larry tells us that the KRHS was formed last Oct. 1, with M. Fred Lyon, of Creve Coeur, Mo., as presient; Howard Cross, Dallas, Texas, vice president, and Mazie Cox Read, Cushing, Okla., secretary and treasurer. Dues are $7.50 a year, but only $5 for members over 65. The newsletter for devotees of this grand old railroad—and they are legion—is issued quarterly. For info on meetings and about the society itself contact Mazie.

While roaming around through the Southwest, we come to George R. Swain, ed. of *New Mexico Railroader,* organ of the Railroad Club of New Mexico. Ed tells us that copies of the *Railroader* with Ed Mahoney's article, "The Santa Fe's Rio Grande Division," known locally as the "Horny Toad," are still available for 75¢ each, postpaid, from RCNM, Box 4293 Sta. A, Albuquerque, N.M. 87196. A list of other railroad matter from New Mexico, Colorado, and Arizona may be had by sending SSE to RCNM. Incidentally, part of Ed's piece is a reprint from a back issue of *Railroad Magazine.*

MANY EASTERN fans are wondering what's the latest on the move of ex-Long Island 35 from Eisenhower Park to the Black River & Western in New Jersey. The latest we have comes from Bill Withuhn, a director of the Railway & Locomotive Historical Society. Bill is a BR&W tycoon and hoghead. It is planned to move the 35 to Mitchell Field on the island, barring weather delays, in mid or late May. Aided by Bob Michele's meticulous planning and execution, together with help from Long Island Sunrise rail club, her tender was got aboard a flatbed truck and cribbed at her Mitchell Field site last Jan. 28th. There's still a lot of work to do before engine and tender finally get to Ringoes, N.J., but my money is on Bill Withuhn and his bunch to see a succesful move made over the river. The rebuilding project should be underway by late summer.

MEMBERS of the Rocky Mountain Railroad Club, Intermountain-NRHS, the Colorado Railroad Club, and sundry railfans in the area are wondering whether or not Union Pacific will run more specials this year with their old favorite 8444. Darrell Arndt, ed. of RMRC's newsletter, *Rocky Mountain Rail Report,* tells us the UP can't confirm availability of the engine for excursion service as yet, but if it does give the okay a possible August trip could be in the works.

Safaris definitely scheduled include June 17, a trip to Cripple Creek to ride the Cripple Creek & Victor Narrow-Gage and partake in other historic rail events. On Sept. 8-10 there will be a repeat of their popular Utah rail trip done in fall of '75. This time there will be a trip to Promontory, the historical site where the transcontinental line was completed over 100 years ago, as well as ride on the Heber Creeper R.R. which has a female crew. It will be westbound on Amtrak's *San Francisco Zephyr* and return to Denver on the *Rio Grande Zephyr.* Around October, there will be a Cog Ry. special, and on Oct. 14 the club's anniversary banquet. So, big doings ahead.

According to reports, the 50th anniversary celebration of the opening of Moffat Tunnel in February was great. On the evening of Feb. 23, as part of the program, a silent movie, *The White Desert,* was shown before a sellout crowd of 2,000 at a theater in downtown Denver. The film showing was undertaken by members of the Intermountain—NRHS, aided by other groups, as a benefit for the Colorado Railroad Museum.

On the following day, ceremonies held at the tunnel's east portal commemorated the opening of the 6.2-mile bore. The *Rio Grande Zephyr,* consisting of a dozen cars, including a UP baggage car serving as RPO and pulled by three freight diesels, stopped at the portal. Its passengers joined a good crowd of people already there. Various officials made short talks. Then, recorded by a good play with cameras, the time capsule was opened. Its contents were removed, some of them going on display at the Colorado Railroad Museum. An interesting two days!

When Branford Electric Ry. *Journal* arrived the other day, with a crew sign-up sheet included for car operation at Short Beach, Conn., we knew that the season suddenly was there. We'd been battling Fun City's wintry doom and gloom for so long that this was a pleasant surprise. Weekend operations is already underway, with weekday running to start June 26th.

The always-great Pageant Day spectacle, with Sag Harbor's Bill Huber looming up on the head end of one of the cars, will be on June 24th. Also, if car 4280 doesn't get him tied up, Connie Milster should be running one of the trolleys. And prexy Ed Watson might give it a whirl to prove to all and sundry that he can still do more than just pull the ding-a-ling. Gary Hartman's *Journal* also notes that Lou Iasillo was presented with a plaque for exceptional service to the Museum, last summer. A worthy award. For more info on the Branford Electric, contact Dept. RF, Box 457, Short Beach, Conn. 06512.

DAVE HAMM, secretary of Conewago Valley Model RR. Club, invites you to visit the club in the Western Maryland Ry. depot, 206 Lincolnway West, New Oxford, Pa. Meetings are held each Wednesday. The club itself is located on U.S. 30, 9 miles east of Gettysburg, while the station is on WM's Dutch line. There are no regular hours Sundays at the museum, but someone is usually there in the afternoon to show visitors around.

LARRY ROSE, ed. of Pacific Southwest Ry. Museum Assn. Inc., reports good news that came out at the annual PSRMA dinner when guest of honor, Robert Nelson, general manager of San Diego's Metropolitan Transit Dept. Board, said that PSRMA's proposal to develop an operating railroad museum on the SD&AE line based at Campo would be part of the plan should MTDB be successful in an attempt to acquire the railroad. Chances look good for a decision sometime this summer.

HERE'S SOMETHING for you railfans thinking ahead to vacation time. The ICC is offering free copies of a 50-page booklet entitled *The Rail Systems Diagram.* It comes with maps of the "lower 48," as they say in Alaska, showing railroads as of 1976 and their relationship to major highways and navigable waterways. Plan for a four to six week wait before delivery, but it could be worth it. Write to Secretary, Interstate Commerce Commission, Washington, D.C. 20423. ●

This was Trout Lake, Colo., on Aug. 12, 1977. Engines of the Rio Grande Southern once stopped in this beautiful area. The lake and background were used by photographer on Christmas card.

Andrew Wittenborn, 152 Mountain Rd., Pleasantville, N.Y. 10570

BOOKS of the RAILS

by Gorton T.H. Wilbur

THE KATY RAILROAD AND THE LAST FRONTIER, by V.V. Masterson, 312 pages, 5½x8½", hardbound, photos, maps, U. of Oklahoma Press, $9.95. (Available from Railroad Magazine Book Service..)

This is the third printing of Scotty Masterson's well-chronicled history of the colorful Katy (the Missouri-Kansas-Texas Railroad). Many Katy railfans, near and far, might have missed the original edition published in 1952 and a second printing a year later; but now, along with such clubs as the Katy Railroad Historical Society, they will get a better understanding of this grand old Southwestern carrier and some of its escapades. It makes

Donovan L. Hofsommer, Texas rail historian, writes that the Katy is linked closely with the heroic era of Western railroad construction: the machinations of well-known plungers during the Gilded Age, fine passenger trains of the road's salad days, and the opening of the "Great Southwest." Shortly after Masterson's book first appeared, the line suffered from declining fortunes and controversial management. The mood of Katy remains optimistic. Substantial improvements in the property have been made, and the road has succeeded in making its service attractive to shippers. The Katy has a long history of successfully weathering storms and meeting challenges.

This book, says Don Hofsommer, relates and interprets the road's history and its service area from the inception of the Union Pacific Rail Way, Southern branch, in 1865 to its acquisition by the Gould Empire in 1874. Masterson documents the story of one of the country's most colorful lines during the period of great railroad development. Agree on all you say, Don. Too bad nobody slipped in a steam roster.

THE 50 BEST OF B&O, from John C. Kelly, 51 pages, 9x12", spiral-bound, photos with captions, Barnard, Roberts & Co., Inc., $10.90. (Available from Railroad Magazine Book Service.)

This is the third of Charlie Roberts Baltimore & Ohio Sesquicentennial Year books, and Kelly's photographs make it a good one. The pix are from the fine collection of this well-known B&O modeller and fan covering the era of 1930s to the twilight of steam in the 1950s, with mostly steam, but some early diesels such as a pair of DF1's at Cumberland, Md., in 1945. One photo I like especially shows D1 No. 316, built in 1865, on Staten Island in 1939. All photographs are reproduced in b/w on heavy print quality vellum, one photo per page with captions, one side of sheet. Being spiral-bound, the pictures can easily be removed for framing. And you get free with each copy a Herman Suter color print of the 6150, class S1, 8x10", and two color postcards.

HEAR THAT LONESOME WHISTLE BLOW, by Dee Brown, 311 pages, 6¼x9¼", hardbound, photos, maps, Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $12.95. (Available from Railroad Magazine Book Service.)

Most of what is in here has often been told about the good guys and bad guys in early days of Western railroading. The only new approach is Dee's liberal treatment of the characters making up the late 19th century Populist movement. His closing anti-Amtrak remarks, if allowed to assume fruition, would make a hollow echo out of the book's title. Brown, a veteran Western writer, has no alternative for a non-Amtrak railroad society. He's just against it. The bus moguls couldn't have closed out his book in a more fitting way.

Journals and Periodicals

KEY, LOCK AND LANTERN, P.O. Box 15, Spencerport, N.Y. 14559, edited by Jim Crosby and Hugh Guillaume. This nonprofit newsletter for the railroadiana collector is published quarterly at $7 a year. Each issue is coated-stock and should be i of interest to the serious historical rail collector. We're indebted to Joe Gross of Spencerport for sending us his recent all-time listing of trolley and interurban lines in the U.S. and Canada, selling from KLP for $5. Submit any corrections or additions to *Key, Lock and Lantern.* Joe tells us that now in preparation is an all-time list of U.S. and Canada railroads, which he hopes to have available later this year.

WHEEL CLICKS is edited by Marti Ann Draper for Pacific Railroad Society, Inc., Box 8726, San Marino, Calif. 91108. Membership of $10 annually gives you 12 issues of this glossy-paper Pacific Coast journal and a share with others in railroad operations, travel, and history.

BRITISH RAIL NEWS is published monthly and edited by Fred Stone, 222 Marylebone Rod., London NW1 6JJ, England, sells for about 5 pence on British news-stands. This newspaper for BR employes and fans carries many fine articles and pictures on English locos and equipment. Also depots, museums, and ship coverage.

THE RAILWAY HISTORICAL MONOGRAPH is edited by Wm. F. Rapp, an *Interesting Railfan,* with pix, maps, drawings, text, J-B Publishing Co., 430 Ivy Ave., Crete, Neb. 68333; $6 annually, published quarterly, $2 single copy. Good research journal of railroads, trolleys, and interurbans.

THE SANDHOUSE is edited by Mike Green for Pacific Coast Branch, Canadian Railroad Historical Assn., P.O. Box 1006, Station A, Vancouver, B.C. Mike does a nice job for railfans interested in the railway history of British Columbia. Annual dues are $3.50. Also published during the year is *B.C. Rail Guide,* consisting of rail film sources and other info for $1.

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The books are available only by mail through Railroad Magazine Book Service, 150 East 58th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022.

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GRAND TRUNK WESTERN RAILROAD, by Patrick C. Dorin	$14.95	(14.25)
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VANISHING MARKERS, by Ralph E. Fisher	$14.95	(14.25)
PENNSYLVANIA'S K-4 LOCOMOTIVE, by Harry P. Albrecht	$ 3.25	(3.10)
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All ads in this section cost 35¢ a word (minimum 25 words, no maximum), including abbreviations, names, initials, numbers, cities, states, or provinces. Zip codes free. SSE means "enclose self-addressed stamped envelope." Send check or money order with each entry to Bill Balgley, advertising manager, Railroad Magazine, 150 E. 58th Street, 36th Floor, New York, N.Y. 10022. Total remittance must accompany order. Deadline for ads: 15th of third month preceding month of issue. (Example: August issue closed May 15.)

FOR SALE: Historical Railroad Lanterns book, $6 postpaid. Order from author, A.S. Burkhalter, P.O. Box 41, Winchester, Tenn. 37398.

MICHAEL EAGLESON, 37 Edgemere Ave., Mt. Arlington, N.J. 07856 sells 3-foot 2-8-2 cutaway rendering, $1.95 ppd.; also set of 10 new steam/diesel postcards, $1.75 ppd.

BIG LIST: DINING CAR CHINA, glasses, silver, cloth. Railroad, Pullman items. Stationery, timetables, menus. Display, eat from dining-car dishes. Send long SSE to James McClellan, 1752 S. Wichita, Wichita, Kan. 67213. Will buy railroad souvenirs, glass, metal, paper, cloth from Pullmans, dining cars, lounge cars, freights, etc. Small to large amounts, good prices paid.

PAUL GARDE, 35-SLIDES CO., Box 6098, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80934, retired except to sell remaining railroad and trolley collections (no Western), books, magazines, lab set-up. Large SSE for info; state wants.

OLD STATE, RAILROAD, AND COUNTY MAPS, 70 to 110 years old, all states. 13¢ stamp for catalog.—Northern Map Co., Dept. RR, Eagle River, Wisc. 54521.

FOR SALE: Reconditioned folding roll-film cameras, sizes 120-620, for large, oblong negatives. Also reconditioned regular 8mm, 16mm movie cameras. Long SSE for lists.—Roger Arcara, 1525 Leland Ave., Bronx, N.Y. 10460.

TINPLATE WIDE-GAGE trains, accessories, catalogs, wanted!—Alden Miller, 3212-34th Ave. South, Minneapolis, Minn. 55406.

BICENTENNIAL STEAM, diesel, and traction throughout the United States is covered in the illustrated roster featured in the Bicentennial Edition of the *Railhead*, historical journal of Blackhawk Chapter, NRHS. Other articles on IC nostalgia, EJ&E centercabs. $2.75 per copy (includes first-class mail in flat envelope) from Railhead, P.O. Box A-3795, Chicago, Ill. 60690.

AVAILABLE: *The Northeast Railroad Scene: A Brief Look Before Conrail*, #1; *The Lehigh Valley*, #2; *The Lehigh & Hudson*, $4 each. New #3, *The Reading*, $5.—John Bissell, Box 11A, Netcong, N.J. 07857.

SEND LONG SSE for listing of over 50 railroad lanterns. Also switch keys, locks, and signs.—Kenneth Palmer, 128 Front St., Port Jervis, N.Y. 12771.

I WANT TO BUY railroad hardware, paper items, and magazines. Please furnish full description, condition, and price desired.—Rixon, Box 5063, Philadelphia, Pa. 19111.

ELEVEN ORIGINAL TOM'S clear plastic slipcovers for public tts., $6.75 per 100.—Tom Coval, 21 E. Robin Rd., Holland, Pa. 18966.

MAGAZINES BOUGHT/SOLD. Railroad, transit, employee magazines, fan club periodicals. Loose or bound copies. SSE for list.—C.N. Vallette, 1026 Claire, Huntingdon Valley, Pa. 19006.

Canadian National electrics 100 and 101 at Deux Montagnes, Que., in 1966.
John C. Illman, 7400 Errol Dr., El Cerrito, Calif.

RAILROAD MAGAZINE 1939-'44, $2 each; 1945-'49, $1.50; 1950-'77, $1. Shipping 10 percent (50¢ minimum); no shipping cost if total is over $25. Texans add 5 percent tax. Give second choices. MR., RMC, Trains, Guides, others; prices vary. List SSE.—F. & W. Enterprises, Box 1451, Richardson, Texas 75080.

TIMETABLES: Public and employee. New list and specials monthly. SSE.—Carl Loucks, 199 Wayland, Hamden, Conn. 06518.

BACK ISSUES: Railroad Magazine, Trains, Model Railroader, Railroad Model Craftsman, Model Trains, others. SSE for list.—J. Alker, 1054 Mayflower Court, Martinsville, N.J. 08836.

FOR SALE: UP or MILW dining-car waiter's uniforms. $35 with "gold" buttons, $30 without. Also UP linens, green, pink or yellow, $19.50 for cloth and four napkins; $22 for Harriman Special set.—Bucksnort Jct. Antiques, Box 52, Tea, S.D. 57064 (Wayne Kerslake).

"CANADIAN PACIFIC IN THE ROCKIES," a pictorial review of the CPR between Calgary and Revelstoke since 1938. Send money order for $3.50 to BRMNA, 5124 33rd St., N.W., Calgary, Alberta, Canada T2L 1V4.

B&W NEGATIVES 1969-'72 B&O, C&O, CNJ, EL, L&HR, LIRR, LV, RDG, others. List and sample $1.—Bob Margolin, P.O. Box 453, Port Washington, N.Y. 11050.

FOR SALE: 1925, 4-ton, Plymouth locomotive, 2-foot gage, (1) 1½ yard side dump car. Both restored. $7,500.—Terry Barlow, Box G, Washington, N.H. 03280. Tel.: 1-603-495-3415.

BOSTON & MAINE rail motor cars "gas buggies" photo set. Six 8x10 glossies $4 ppd. Cars covered include 1141, 1183, 1190, 1171, 1184, and 1150. Also Amtrak July 12, 1971, public tt., mint, $1.25. Free catalog.—Comet Films, Box 8741, Boston, Mass. 02114.

FOR SALE: Large collection of sizes 120 and 116 negatives of diesels, including industrials, shortlines, cabooses, stations, and passenger cars. No list; state wants.—Richard Anderson, 334 S. Prindle, Arlington Heights, Ill. 60004.

CHESAPEAKE & OHIO SOUNDS: Vol. 1 "Working Steam and Men." Historical LP record. Recorded in 1950s by J.I. Kelly, a C&O operator agent. $6.50 postpaid, record rate. Va. residents add 26 cents tax.—C&O Historical Society, Inc., 36 Inglewood Dr., Hampton, Va. 23666.

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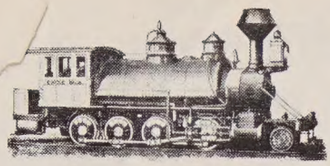
Coming Events

(No charge for listing here)

STEAM-POWERED passenger train with ex-Reading T-1 No. 2101 on Chessie tentative scheduled specials, May 20-Oct. 29 on trips from points in Cincinnati, Columbus, and Cleveland, Ohio; Chicago; Detroit and Grand Rapids, Mich.; Pittsburgh, Pa.; Baltimore and Cumberland, Md.; Richmond and Clifton Forge, Va. Huntington, W. Va. Contact Chessie Steam Special, 2 N. Charles St., Baltimore, Md. 21201.

Wilmington & Western steam train Sat. & Sun. all summer from Greenbank station near junction of Del. Rtes. 2, 41. Lv. Greenbank 12:30, 2, 3 p.m. Adults $2.50, kids under 12, $1.25. For brochure send SSE to Henry Dickinson, Jr., P.O. Box 1374, Wilmington, Del. 19899.



Yakima Interurban Trolley Lines wooden single-truck Brill trolleys run weekends thru Sept. 10; daily July 17-Aug. 18, incl. evening rides through Selah Gap, Charter or regular trip. $2, regular; $96 two hours for 1 to 32 people. Info from YITL, P.O. Box 124, Yakima, Wash. 98907.

June 13-15: United Transportation Union Region 9 meeting, War Bonnet Inn, 2100 Cornell Ave., Butte, Mont.; June 28-30: UTU Region 3 meeting, Hyatt Regency, Atlanta, Ga.; July 13-15: UTU Region 1 meeting, Mariott Inn, Providence, R.I.; Aug. 3-5: UTU Region 2, Seven Springs Resort, Champion, Pa.; Aug. 17-19: UTU Region 4, Sheraton French Lick, French Lick, Ind., and Aug. 27-29: UTU Region 5, Carson Inn-Nordic Hills, Itasca, Illinois.

June 17: 9th annual Railfans Day on Edaville R.R., South Carver, Mass., sponsored by Bemis St. Ry. Rail flea market, model show, double and triple-headers, steam, diesel frt. trains, photo run-bys. Photo contest. Admission is proof of railfan group membership plus entrance fee. Ride all day, 11 a.m.-5 p.m. Skip Clark, 21 Endicott St., Newton Highlands, Mass. 02161.

June 17 & 18: Huntingburg to Boonville, Ind., via Southern and 4501, thence Yankeetown Dock R.R. to Ohio River landing for river trip, returning to Huntingburg. Sponsored by Mayor's Committee, Huntingburg, Ind.

June 18-25: 9th annual Michigan Railroad Club Halifax and Maritime Provinces trip via CN; 2800 miles by rail; $420 each, $75 deposit per person. Lv., return CN Windsor station. Info from Eugene Sussex, 19934 Pierson Ave., Detroit, Mich. 48219.

June 24-25: 2nd annual Midwest Region, Railroadiana Collectors Assn., memorabilia and meet, Holiday Inn, I-80 and Rte. 51, LaSalle-Peru, Ill., Sat. 10 a.m.-5 p.m., Sun. 10 a.m.-2 p.m. Adults $1, kids under 12 with parents free. Tables: members $6, non-members $10. John Carpenter, P.O. Box 401, Sheridan, Ill. 60551.

June 24: Pageant Day with multi-type historic trolleys operating from noon on; regular weekend trolleys running. Weekday runs begin Monday, June 26. Branford Trolley Museum, East Haven, Conn.

July 1-16: Pacific Northwest trip from Boston to Seattle via Amtrak, return on CP thru Canadian Rockies. Details from Mrs. Martha Carpenter, Mystic Valley Ry. Society, 55 Borune St., Jamaica Plain, Mass. 02130.

July 2: special trolley trip on SEPTA-RED Arrow Division, Philadelphia. Leave 69th St. Terminal at 1, return about 5 p.m.; Media, Sharon Hill lines. Reservations, adults $7, kids $3.50. Contact Ernest Kovacs, 416 Second Ave., Bethlehem, Pa. 18018.

July 8-9: Railfair '78 Rocky Mt. region's big exhibit at Jefferson County Fairgrounds, 15200 W. 6th Ave., Denver. Includes railroads, collectors, railroadiana dealers, model railroaders, annual photo contest, clubs, movies, door prizes. Get details from Richard Luckin, chairman, Railfair '78, Intermountain-NRHS, Box 5181, Denver, Colo. 80217.

July 14-16: Island Pond Historical Society, gala celebration for 125th anniversary of Grand Trunk, first International railway in North America. Get info from John Carbonneau, Society president, Island Pond, Vt. 05846.

Aug. 11-13: 726th Railway Operating Battalion reunion in El Paso, Texas. Contact J.F. Schroeder, 5220 Mora Dr., El Paso, Texas 79932.

Sept. Western Canada Spectacular riding thru scenic area on steam, diesel, cruise ships, buses. Lv. San Francisco on Grace-Prudential liner for north, return to SF via Amtrak. Rates, brochure from Jim Weinberger, R&LHS Tour Conductor, 2539 Hopkins Ave., Redwood City, Calif. 94062.

Aug. 31-Sept. 4: Inter/rail 78, National Railway Historical Society convention in Portland, Seattle, Vancouver, B.C. Activities incl. The Dalles Dam R.R., Portland Zoo Ry., OP&E, Amtrak, Yakima Trolley line, S.S. Princess Marguerite, and doubleheaded steam on B.C. Ry. Send SSE for details. Pacific Northwest-NRHS, Rm. 1, Union Station, Portland, Ore. 97209. ●

Agushua Geiuaga Beitia (age 16)

Pen Pals Wanted

(No charge for listing in this section)

Miss Lucia Cabrera (age 19), 33 Clatita Village, Cebu City, Philippines, college girl, likes sports, cooking, reading paperbacked novels.

Miss Agushua Geiuaga Beitia (age 16), Olata, Aprtiny, P. Elorriaga No. 9, 5 ddcha, Hungin, Bizkaia, Espana (Spain), likes old and modern things, wants U.S. stamps, plays piano, guitar, wants to hear from people in her age group, only if they write Spanish. She does not read English.

Ms. Charlette Jaim,min, Boulevard Voltaire 40B, 13001, Marseille, France, seeks English-speaking correspondents who write some French.

Miss Erlinda T. Go (age 20), uU.D.T. Compound, 2nd Street, Espina Subdivision, B. Rodriquez St., Cebu City, Philippines 6401, business school grad, collects stamps, magazines, dolls.

Miss Josephine T. Go (age 16), same address as above, B.S. in nursing, collects stamps, postcards, dolls.

Dorothea Ba-ar (age 40), 17-A Lakandula St., Cebu City, Philippines 6401, wants pen pals, age 40 to 50.

Annie Redillas (age 23), Kawayan, Leyte, Philippines 6407, secretarial graduate.

Miss Emma Merino (age 17), Kawayan , Leyte, Philippines 6407, high school student. ●

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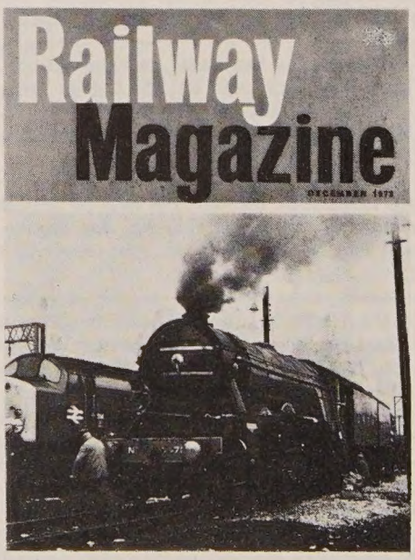

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